THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

April, 1802.

MARCHIONESS DE SEVIGNE.

[With a Portrait.]

THOUGH the life of this lady affords no circumstances of a very extraordinary nature, her excellent "Letters" justly entitle her to a place in a work devoted to the service of the female sex.

Maria de Rabutin, Marchioness de Sevigné, was of noble descent, and born Feb. 5, 1626. When little more than a year old, she lost her father, who was killed July 22, 1627, at the descent of the English upon the Isle of Rhé, where he commanded a company of volunteers.

The graces of her mind and person at the age of eighteen induced Henry Marquis of Sevigné, Governor of Fougeres, to offer her his hand, and they were married Aug. 1, 1644. By this marriage she had a son and a daughter; but in seven years after (1651) her husband was killed in a duel with the Chevalier D'Albret. To the education and accomplishment of her children she now entirely devoted herself, and with the happiest success. Her daughter was married Jan. 29, 1669, to the Count of Grignan, who conducted her to Provence.

Madame de Sevigné consoled herself by writing frequent letters to her daughter, and fell at last the victim to her

maternal tenderness. In one of her visits to Grignan, she fatigued herself so much during the sickness of her daughter, that she was seized with a fever, which carried her off on the 14th of January, 1696. We have two portraits of Madame de Sevigné; the one by the Count de Bussi, the other by Madame de la Fayette. The first exhibits her defects; the second her excellencies. Bussi describes her as a lively gay coquette, a lover of flattery, fond of titles, honour, and distinction: M. de la Fayette, as a woman of wit and good sense, as possessed of a noble soul, formed for dispensing benefits, incapable of debasing herself by avarice, and blessed with a generous, obliging, and faithful heart. Both these portraits are in some measure just. That she was vain-glorious appears evident from her own letters, which, on the other hand, exhibit undoubted proofs of her virtue and goodness of heart.

This illustrious lady was acquainted with all the wits of her age. It is said that she decided the famous dispute between Perrault and Boileau concerning the preference of the antients to the moderns, thus,---"The antients are the finest, and we are the prettiest." She left behind her a most valuable collection of letters, the best edition of which is that of 1775, in 8 vols. 12mo. "These letters," says Voltaire, "are filled with anecdotes written with freedom, and in a natural and animated style; are an excellent criticism upon studied letters of wit, and still more upon those fictitious letters which aim at the epistolary style, by a recital of false sentiments and feigned adventures to an imaginary correspondent." It were to be wished that a proper selection had been made of these letters. It is difficult to read eight volumes of letters, which, though inimitably written, present frequent repetitions, and are often filled with trifles. What makes them in general, perhaps, so interesting, is, that they are in part historical. They may be looked on as a relation of the manners, the ton, the genius, the fashions, the etiquette, which reigned in the court of Louis XIV. They contain many curious anecdotes

anecdotes no where else to be found: but these excellencies would be still more striking, were they sometimes stripped of that multitude of domestic affairs and minute incidents which ought naturally to die with the mother and the daughter. A volume entitled *Sevigniana* was published at Paris in 1756, which is nothing more than a collection of the fine sentiments, literary and historical anecdotes, and moral apothegms, scattered throughout these letters.

To these letters some French lines have been applied, of which the following may serve as a translation:

In them bright Eloquence doth always smile;
Refin'd the sense, and exquisite the stile:
They move, instruct, and sweet delight impart;
The force of reason, and the charms of art.

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XLV.

THOUGH my labours have been, in a great measure, devoted to the instruction or reformation of young ladies, by whom they are principally read, yet there seems to be no just reason why I should not occasionally pay attention to old women like myself. Numbers of this description, no doubt, honour my lucubrations with their perusal; and, though age certainly has given them experience, it has not always conferred wisdom, or exempted them from the follies and errors which, at this period of life, lessen esteem and diminish utility.

In my review of the existing manners of too numerous a body of women who have arrived at a matronal age, I shall study to avoid offence, but, at the same time, not forget what is due to propriety and truth. It is an old maxim, that "the way to good-manners is never too late;" and,

it may be added, that no one is too wise to learn. I shall, therefore, present a mirror, which, if it does not flatter, will at least have the merit of not distorting, the features, or caricaturing the object represented.

I premise, that an old woman may be one of the most respectable and useful beings on earth, and that it is always her own fault if she is not treated with attention and regard; but to deserve the homage of the sensible, and the esteem of the good, she must act a consistent and natural character, and not appear in masquerade. If she affects the airs of a miss in her teens, and assumes the dress of juvenility; if she haunts places of public resort, with a vain attempt to excite admiration; if she paints, patches, and ogles, talks insipid nonsense, or delights in frivolity; if she is contemptuously silent, fond of censure, sullen, or unamiable, she has no just pretensions to respect, and will infallibly be ridiculed and despised.

To follow every fugitive fashion, reflects no credit even on youth and beauty; but for age and wrinkles to be constantly adopting every variation made by the capricious goddess of Taste, evinces, at once, a light head and a depraved heart. To see gray hairs curled over the temples, is only like decorating a death's head with triumphal ornaments, however becoming it may be to early youth; and to observe an old woman drawing the notice of the public to her ancles by the ribands with which they are bound, as if suffering from a sprain, can only excite sensations of pity or disgust. The delicate white muslin dress is no bad emblem of virgin innocence, and serves to add grace to beauty; but to see the light drapery floating over the unweildy limbs of age, or wrapping the clumsy waist of the mother of a family, ill accords with my sense of propriety in regard to female attire.

But, though the aged may violate decorum in the style or mode of dress, this is but a slight peccadillo or spot in the character, compared with the much grosser deviations from natural dignity, which are every day witnessed, when

we

we contemplate the *manners*, *habits*, *conversation*, and *pursuits*, of our fashionable *belles*.

The manners, indeed, of numbers, whom years and observation ought to have taught better, set all decorum at defiance. Pert, flippant, affectedly gay, labouring to conceal the ravages of time, and yet every moment proving the devastations they have made, we often see matrons in reality mere boarding-school misses in the appearance which they wish to exhibit. Equally vain, and equally frivolous, they evince an immoderate degree of fondness for every idle amusement; and are as indifferent about the credit and the happiness of their families, as if neither nature nor religion imposed any duties upon them, and which, indeed, it is highly criminal to neglect.

As for their habits, they are so importantly influenced by their manners, and so closely connected with them, that it is impossible to institute a discrimination between them. Habits of expensive show, of destructive idleness, of wanton folly, and proud resistance to the will of their husbands, however just, characterize a considerable number of the married women of the present age; and apply not solely to those who have youth and inexperience to plead, but more strongly to such as are advanced in life, and have suffered every evil propensity to gain ground by indulgence.

The conversation of old women I will not attempt to describe, except negatively. I shall therefore only remark, that it ought not to be idle, light, nor censorious; that it should neither be gloomy nor gay; but mixed and tempered with sweetness, with discretion, and wisdom; and should flow from a heart evidently tinctured with mildness, humanity, and moral feeling. In a word, when the conversation of aged females exclusively turns on topics of dress, scandal, fashions, novels, and nonsense of that kind, we may safely set them down for being either ignorant or depraved, either weak or worthless.

In regard to the pursuits of a majority of old ladies, who move, or fancy they have a right to move, in the circle of fashion, we shall find them treading close on the heels of their daughters and grand-daughters;---" pleased," like them, " with a feather, and tickled with a straw." We shall find the public walk, the playhouse, the concert, the ball; in short, whatever can allure the giddy, or amuse the trifling, crowded as much with mothers as daughters, with antiquated virgins at forty, as much as with sprightly fifteen.

But to dwell longer on this picture is neither grateful to my heart, nor, probably, will be attended with any good effect to my sisters in years. I shall, therefore, shift the scene, and present an amiable, but genuine, portrait from the life which I invite, exhort, and beseech, my readers to copy, as far as their relative situations and circumstances furnish them with the means and opportunity.

Hortensia Mildmay, at her first entrance into life, was one of the most beautiful and lovely of her sex. She had been well instructed in every useful art, and every liberal accomplishment, under the auspices of an excellent mother; but her natural good taste and good sense led her to cultivate her mind, and improve her manners, infinitely beyond the plan of education which had been prescribed by her own assiduity and attention. Instead of idle or pernicious novels, she read the best books in her native language; and, instead of imitating every giddy votary of fashion, and vying with her in dress and finery, she studied more what was becoming to her person, and suitable to her situation, than what others wore, or wished to obtain.

Before the bloom of youth had in the least begun to fade, or any power to please was decayed, she became a happy wife and a mother. As soon as her children were capable of receiving the first rudiments of instruction, she began to form their tender minds; and, in proportion as they grew up so as to demand more of her maternal care, she gradually withdrew from the haunts of fashion; and, centering

centering her whole happiness in her duty, assumed, and admirably supported, the character of the matron, before numbers of her original acquaintances had learned to reflect on the purposes for which they were sent into the world.

Yet, though Hortensia discharged every duty of a wife and a mother with the most sedulous attention, and sought no other plaudits but those of a husband who appreciated her virtues as they deserved, and the gratulations of her own heart, she neither became gloomy nor censorious. Her natural vivacity was only converted into another and more honourable channel: it was employed to diffuse cheerfulness over her family, and to heighten the enjoyment of those friends with whom she still wished to remain intimate.

As her daughters arrived at maturity, she thought it was only performing a necessary part of their education, which she had constantly superintended, to introduce them into life herself. She, therefore, once more, occasionally mixed with the world; but took care, by her conduct, her dress, and her conversation, to maintain the dignity of a matron, and to show that she was neither jealous of youthful charms, nor envious of the attentions paid to superior rank or beauty. She was the guide and the director of her offspring, not their rival or jailer: she led them, indeed, into the flowery paths of innocent pleasure; but she first took care to inspire them with good principles, with just notions, and with prudent foresight, that they might not incur the danger or disgrace of deviating into error, or of being deceived by every flattering appearance.

Having performed every thing that an affectionate mother owes to her children, and seen them all creditably and agreeably settled in life, she had only her conjugal duties to attend to; and in these she is a pattern for her sex. At the age of sixty, her manners and her conversation have sufficient charms to engage the esseem and affection of strangers; and

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to her husband, who knows the pure source from whence all her natural or acquired accomplishments flow, she is no less dear, nor less tenderly loved, than when in the blushing bloom of youth. In a word, by wisely adapting herself to her situation, she retains, and will ever retain, the affection of her husband, the esteem of her friends, and the admiration of the world.

THE VILLAGE GOSSIP.

NO. XIII.

BEFORE I proceed with my account of the meeting between Somerset and Harriet, I cannot omit transcribing a letter from Mrs. Woolcomb, which afforded me great satisfaction, as it convinced me that I was right in believing that the natural good sense of Miss Somerton would, in time, lead her to surmount habitual errors; but, though every just praise should be paid to the laudable exertions of Clara, it is but fair that her husband should receive his share:---but of his conduct her letter will afford the best proof.

"London, Jan. 1801.

"Dear Madam,

"AVAILING myself of your kind permission to write to you with the unreserved confidence of friendship, a permission which does me honour, as it proves that you form a better opinion of me than I dared venture to hope, I address you now with undescribable pleasure, in the consciousness of having that to communicate which may tend to confirm that opinion. I know you have too much candour to impute what I have said to egotism; for, if I am capable of one praiseworthy act, it is from your instructions

tions I first derived the impulse; and in what follows you will find an impartial statement of my conduct.

"Mr. Woolcomb, having some business to transact with his agent in town, obtained leave of absence, and I attended him hither. We took lodgings in Sackville Street; and I soon received gratulatory visits from several of my former acquaintance. My husband, to gratify me, made it his study to engage me daily in fresh parties of pleasure; the consequence was, that I took cold, and was confined to my apartment. I neither wished nor expected that Woolcomb would refrain from his usual mode of living, which, according to his circle of associates, could not but be occasionally gay; and, though he paid me the compliment of his company for a day or two, I soon prevailed upon him to partake of the amusements in which his friends importuned him to share. These engagements, however, became so frequent, that I cannot deny but I felt some degree of uneasiness; but, recollecting your sentiments respecting the reproaches of a wife, I overcame my natural petulance so far as to appear easy and cheerful.

"One evening my husband exceeded his usual time of absence: I had not seen him the whole day; and my heart sickened with the apprehension of an alienation of his affection. Unable to take any rest, I threw on a warm dressing-gown, and stood at the drawing-room window, anxiously straining my eyes in every direction with the expectation of beholding him:---he soon came; but, how were all my feelings of impatient affection changed to horror, when I beheld him accompanied by a creature, whose dress marked her of the lowest order of depraved nature, and who seemed besides in a state of complete inebriation! Woolcomb supported her in his arms, passed the house, and called a coach from the stand, into which he accompanied her:---so long, my senses remained perfect; but the agony of my mind at length overcame me, and I fell with such a dead weight on the bars of the balcony, that I received a severe contusion in my head. Roused by the violence

violence of the blow, I crawled to my bed, without alarming any of the family. About three o'clock Woolcomb returned; he seemed greatly alarmed to find me in such a state, and vainly tried to learn the cause: I shrunk from his caresses, and attributed every expression of concern to hypocrisy and affectation. Finding every effort to please or accommodate me fruitless, he grew sullen, and left me with an appearance of displeasure which affected me even more than his inconstancy had done. He had not been long gone when a letter came for him; it was written by a woman: curiosity would have induced me to open it; but a moment's reflection convinced me that by such an action I should lose his esteem for ever.

"When he returned, I was rather better in health, and strove to meet him with apparent cheerfulness; but the effect cost me infinite pains. The letter laid on the table; he took it up, without any apparent emotion, and began to read: when he had finished the letter, instead of giving it to me, as is his custom, he put it in his pocket, and walked about the room.

'Do you dine at home to-day?'---I asked, as mildly as I could; but my voice faltered. He looked at me, and replied——

'If you wish it.'

'Certainly,' said I: 'your company is always a pleasure to me.'

'It has not been so these two last days, I should imagine,' said he, carelessly; 'but I am happy to find your good humour restored.'

"I smiled, and he seated himself beside me.

'Clara, this mildness is more than I expected. I know all that you have suffered through a mistaken idea; forgive my saying, that your want of confidence has been your punishment. The woman you saw with me is an unfortunate creature, whose present afflictions, though increased by guilt, claim our compassion. I rescued her from the brutal assault of her husband, to whom she acci-

accidentally applied for relief when perishing with want. Scarcely able to move with the bruises he had inflicted, she must have been the victim of his resentment, had I not been successful in relieving her, and assisting her to her lodgings. I beheld you at the window, and should have explained all this, but for your alarming illness, and subsequent coldness. How, my love, could you yield to a weakness so unworthy of you, as to think I could for a moment be attracted by such an object? The note I have just received is from her; she expresses the utmost penitence for her past transgressions, and solicits advice for her future conduct.---If you, Clara, would condescend to save a poor wretch from complete perdition, perhaps you might point out some method by which she might be yet made useful to society.'

"Ah! Madam---with what emotion did I listen to my husband. I recollected, with remorse and confusion, my conduct in one instance; and in this I resolved to make atonement.

"Woolcomb seemed much pleased by my determination; and to-night I have promised to accompany him to the apartment of this woman, who was so near sowing the seeds of discord between us; but, by the kind forbearance of my husband, may now be a means of increasing our esteem for each other.

"Adieu, dear Madam!---my husband is waiting for me to attend him on our proposed nocturnal excursion: at my return I will trouble you with further particulars.

"C. WOOLCOMB.

"*To Mrs. Singleton.*"

(To be continued.)

RULES

RULES NECESSARY TO BE OBSERVED IN THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

To Parents, Conductors of Families, &c.

IF your children should be of the unruly sort, fail not perpetually admonishing them with threats, but be sure never to carry them into execution, lest you should by any means harden them. If they should cry for any thing which comes before them, remonstrate with them, and tell them it is not good for them; if they desist, it is well; if not, you have nothing more to do than to bid them be good, and grant them their desire, as such a mode of proceeding will ensure obedience to your commands for the future. Have a nursery, but never suffer them to be in it, as there would be a danger of their contracting the ill habits of the servant. If they cry for a picture hanging up, or for any ornament, let them have it, remembering they are but children, and therefore must be amused:---if they break it, what signifies? It only denotes your affection for them in having suffered them first to have it. Never rebuke them, supposing they should speak in an austere, haughty style to the servants, as that will tend to show their superiority. Whenever you have company, let them be present; and, if they should be noisy and troublesome, you have this consolation, that other people's children are as bad.

The foregoing rules will, if observed, inevitably produce peace and good order in your family; and, should they prove to have been any way instrumental to the end for which they are intended, you may, perhaps, be again favoured with similar conciliating advice from

Your humble servant,

IRONICUS.

THE

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER;
OR, THE SCHOOL FOR LEVITY.

A NOVEL.

CHAP. IV.

[Continued from p. 164.]

THE major soon returned to his regiment; and Edwards, with the confidence of grateful friendship, communicated to him what had passed.

"And so, my fine fellow!" cried Clatterton, when he had finished his recital, "you are caught, at last!---Well!---take care;---if all proves right, I am well pleased. I own I had some notion of your being attached to Georgy;---if so, hang me when I seek to separate you:---now the prize is my own; for she is a bewitching girl, faith!"

Edwards expressed his surprise at this declaration from the Viscount of an attachment to Miss Evelyn, as he looked upon the proposed match merely as a piece of family arrangement.

"Why---it is true," said Clatterton, "I never thought very seriously of her; but, perhaps, that was owing to a foolish whim which took possession of my mind. I will reveal to you the particulars; and I assure you, my young friend, that it is a great proof of my esteem. After the death of my parents, I was left to the care of my grandfather, at Evelyn Hall. My uncle, Sir Edward, was then about nineteen, and I had ever been particularly favoured by him. About a mile from the hall, at the parsonage house, lived Agatha Milford, a lovely, artless girl; her age was but fifteen; and, young as I then was, I can remember the captivating beauty of her person, and sweetness of manner. Unknown to his family, Sir Edward had cherished an attachment to this girl, which was returned by her with the most disinterested affection. Being a mere

child, I was permitted to accompany my uncle whenever he visited Agatha; and, perhaps, to those early scenes of love I may attribute the romantic ideas I have often given way to. Agatha always caressed me fondly; and her bare injunction was sufficient to keep me silent on the subject of my uncle's visits, which continued till I was sent on my travels. I was absent five years; and, when I returned, found my uncle married---but not to Agatha; and, when introduced to Lady Evelyn, I beheld, to my great mortification, a perfect stranger, instead of the beloved friend I had anxiously longed to embrace. I soon interrogated Sir Edward concerning her; his answers were cold and reserved; but a sigh broke from him, and I perceived that he was not happy: he had sacrificed love and honour to family pride and ambition. In vain did I enquire for Agatha:---her father had been dead two years, and she had forsaken the house; but whether happily or unhappily situated I could not learn. There was an air of mystery in all my uncle's replies, that puzzled me: at length he called me one day into his chamber——

'Clatterton,' said he, 'I am about to place a trust in you of a serious nature; and, light and frivolous as you are in general, I expect you will, in this, be prudent. Here is the picture of Agatha Milford:---I cannot behold it without feeling a secret pang. I once loved her;---and, I know, even you regarded her sufficiently to make her resemblance valuable to you.---Take it! I know not whether the original is still living; nor can I reveal to you the particulars of our separation at present.---I am now going to Antigua:---should you ever hear of her, let me know; but take no other steps in the affair, as you value my friendship.'

"I took the portrait, and gazed on the resemblance with emotions I hardly then knew the nature of. My uncle departed with his regiment, of which he was colonel; and his wife, perhaps, feeling too forcibly the neglect of a man who had merely married her through motives of family dignity,

dignity, lived but a few months after their separation; since that time I have been unsuccessful in my search after Agatha.---But, why should I repine?---if she lives, it is not for me; and, perhaps, the dear girl has made a more happy choice.---Georgiana shall now be mine; and, I hope, dear Frank, you will beat the bushes for your fly-away with better luck."

Edwards made few comments, but, in his heart, doubted whether he should be more successful than his friend; and, the regiment being shortly after removed to a town within thirty miles of London, he again became a prey to the most unceasing anxiety. One day, when he returned to his apartment to dress, his servant informed him that a message had been sent from the —— inn, requesting his attendance on a gentleman who had refused to send his name. Edwards was much surprised, but resolved to attend the summons; and, as soon as he was dressed, repaired, alone, to the inn. He was immediately shewn into an apartment, where he found a youth, of whose features, he imagined, he had some recollection; but, it being then twilight, he could not be certain. The stranger, without giving him time to speak, rose to receive him; and, accosting him by his name, said——

"I should apologize to you for neglecting to acquaint you with the name of the person who has thus presumed to solicit your company, but that I know you would be equally unacquainted with that as with my person; and the business I have with you is of a nature that must render form immaterial."

He seemed embarrassed as he spoke; and Edwards waited, in mute astonishment, the result of this strange adventure.

"Have you dined?" asked the stranger, again addressing him.

Edwards said he had not; and, upon invitation, consented to stay at the inn. During dinner, the stranger

spoke little, appeared thoughtful, and frequently sighed: when the wine was brought, he smiled——

"I am but a poor companion at a bottle, Mr. Edwards;—you will excuse me, I hope:—my first glass must be to the girl of my heart."

He filled:—Edwards followed his example;—and the stranger, bending over his glass, said——

"To the health of Matilda Aubrey."

"Do you know her?" asked Edwards, starting, and putting down the glass.

"Intimately," replied his companion; "and it is concerning her you see me here.—And, now, tell me honestly the terms you are upon with that lady."

Edwards hesitated.——

"Your question, Sir, is abrupt, not to say rude; and I know not whether I should answer it or not."

"Just as you please," returned the other, coldly; "only understand this—I am authorised by the lady herself to make the enquiry.—In fact, I am her brother—I think you must have perceived the resemblance. She has informed me of your acquaintance at Canterbury, an intimacy which she thinks on with pleasure. Her friends are urgent for her to marry; but the man they have selected for her is not the object of her choice:—you will pardon my plainness, now, I trust, and honour me with your real sentiments."

"Undoubtedly," replied Edwards. "The admiration your sister excited in my heart, I may say, almost claims the tenderest name; and I doubt not that a further acquaintance would confirm that claim. But it would ill become me to encourage a partiality on either side, which may ultimately involve us both in distress; for, here I candidly declare, I have neither fortune nor expectations beyond my daily pay."

"That is immaterial, Sir," replied the stranger, hastily. "If your affection is supported by honourable views, the fortune of my sister will, when of age, be amply sufficient."

"Excuse

"Excuse me, Mr. Aubrey," interrupted Edwards; "I would not be so base as to steal into a family, who, knowing my pretensions, would refuse me with scorn."

"I see how it is, Sir," said Aubrey, colouring highly; "you varnish over your want of love for my sister by this plausible parade of honour."

"I know not, Sir," returned Edwards, haughtily, "whether you seek, by this interference, to befriend or insult me; but you mistake me much, if your last sentence expressed your opinion of me.---I admire, nay, love Miss Aubrey too well to suffer her to disgrace herself."

Aubrey covered his face with his hands, and seemed much agitated.---Edwards proceeded——

"Your zeal in your sister's behalf may lead you to her injury, and, were I dishonourable enough, I might avail myself of your favour: but, I see, you are young and inexperienced;---and to that I impute your generous error."

"You are right!" exclaimed his companion; "'tis my youth and inexperience that urges me to this:---then you positively decline an alliance with Matilda Aubrey?"

"Do not interpret so hastily," interrupted Edwards; "were you authorised to propose one, I should answer you differently:---but concluding, from what you have said, that the family of that lady is wealthy and respectable, I am too conscious of the disadvantages I labour under to presume to hope for such an union; it is, therefore, better for the peace of both that we see each other no more:---honour, duty, every consideration, require the sacrifice; and, I have no doubt, as it is the greatest on my side, it is the more my duty to enforce it."

"Ah, heavens!" exclaimed Aubrey, falling back in his chair, "then all is lost!"

The tears started to his eyes, and he seemed nearly fainting. Edwards sprung from his seat, and flew to his support.

"Amiable youth! why this excessive sensibility?"

He took one of his hands,---it was cold and white as marble. A sudden idea darted across his mind, as he gazed upon the now inanimate features of his companion; he loosened his collar, to give him air---every thing conspired to convince him it was Matilda Aubrey. Her complexion, darkened by art, had, for a while, deceived him; and he now pressed her with a wild transport of astonishment and rapture to his beating heart.

When Matilda revived, she found that her secret was discovered; and she hid her face in his bosom, while a torrent of tears served to relieve her. Edwards soon urged an explanation.

"Forgive this rash step," said she, recovering some degree of composure; "extremity, only, has driven me to it. I wished to try your principles before I put myself in your power;---that trial has answered my most sanguine hopes. I have now no other fear than that of suffering in your opinion; however, I would have you be assured, that, with all this apparent imprudence, there are bounds beyond which I will not transgress."

She spoke with assumed dignity, and Edwards listened in silent attention.

"I have not deceived you in respect to my family; my fortune will be ample; and in twelve months I shall be of age; and, if you please to accept the proffered gift, this hand shall then be your's. I see your surprise---I guess what you would say. But, hear me:---had I staid longer with my friends, I should have been urged into an alliance contrary to my inclination; in preference to which, I chose to adopt this plan, eccentric as it may seem to a narrow, prejudiced mind:---mine is not such---and I seek in your's a congenial soul. I have an independent income;---and here I wish to live, awhile, retired and concealed from my friends.---Your society shall alone enliven my solitude; and we shall thereby form a friendship which years of formal courtship

courtship might not effect. It now rests with you to perfect or destroy my plan."

Whatever Edwards thought, he could not possibly start any objections to measures prompted by the most generous attachment; and, to the purity of his own intentions, he trusted to avoid any evil consequences: he therefore thanked her, in the most ardent terms, for the confidence she ventured to repose in him, and with ease arranged every thing for her accommodation.---Apartments were taken for her at a farm-house some distance from the town, where she was to pass for his sister.

The novelty of this affair for a while diverted Edwards from all thoughts of the inconveniencies with which it must be attended; and the frequent absence of Clatterton left him at liberty to see Matilda oftener than he otherwise could have done, as he was, equally with the other officers, excluded by the peremptory command of Matilda from any share in the secret.

At every visit Edwards found some new charm in Matilda; and the variety of amusements with which she studied to beguile the hours he passed with her, kept awake his attention, and commanded his admiration: her voice was fine, and she played exquisitely on the harpsichord, to which Edwards ever listened with rapture. Sometimes she would arrange her apartment tastefully with flowers, and, in a fancied, romantic dress, surprise him with the beauty of her person; at another time, relying solely on the powers of persuasive eloquence, she would read her favourite authors to him, and make such comments as proved both the strength of her understanding, and the wild eccentricity of her ideas. Edwards was entranced by the delusive magic; and insensibly devoted the greatest part of his time to her, notwithstanding the raillery of his associates.

Clatterton's last excursion to town had been to arrange the preliminaries of his marriage with Miss Evelyn, who solicited only a protraction of time, previous to giving her final consent. What secret, cherished hope urged this

desire

desire for procrastination may be guessed; but reason ever controuled the hopes and wishes of Georgiana; and, in this case, she almost believed hope to be unreasonable.

Clatterton, though a successful suitor, returned to —— with a depression of spirits he would not account for; nor could Edwards, conscious as he was of his own duplicity, urge him to a disclosure.

The total seclusion in which Matilda, by choice, lived, rendered it no difficult task for them to keep their occasional intercourse a secret from the rest of the officers; and, though Edwards felt some pain by the restraint, delicacy withheld him from giving the least hint of it to Miss Aubrey.

One day he found her with a newspaper in her hand; she pointed out to him the paragraph she had been reading, in which was contained a description of her person, and an earnest entreaty for her to return, if safe, to her friends.

"And what is your intention, my dear Matilda," asked Edwards, with a look of solicitude.

"How can you ask that question?" she replied, reproachfully. "After having dared to do what I have done, it is strange that you should suppose me easily shaken.---No! Edwards; the reasons which then impelled me to a step so unprecedented, so full of danger, are now strengthened:---your honourable conduct, your disinterestedness, prove to me, that the sacrifices I have made, and am still ready to make, are too little to prove the strength of my esteem---my affection."

Edwards felt oppressed.——

"But, when I reflect on the sufferings of your friends, think me not ungrateful, if I utter a wish to have them alleviated."

"You are in an error," she returned, with a quick blush; "I have no parents to whom the implicit obedience prescribed by custom might be due: the claims of my friends are imaginary, and neither my reason nor my inclination subscribe to them.---It is true, I have one relative

tive to whom I would not willingly give pain; but, as that one will be but an ideal sufferer, and my conduct must be, in the end, a temporal advantage, I acquit myself of injustice or ingratitude in acting as I do; and, even were it otherwise, I fear my heart would be a truant to the cause. But, are you tired of my society, Edwards? Have I been deceived in supposing you capable of that pure friendship with which my bosom glows? If you wish to retract your engagement with me, speak candidly---I scorn dissimulation---you know I do;---perhaps too much so in the opinion of those who are fettered by the shackles of prejudice: it is for this, perhaps, you no longer love me."

Edwards, hurt by a supposition which seemed to accuse him of ingratitude, was eloquent in his endeavours to remove such an idea from her mind.

"But, whatever delight I may feel, dearest Matilda," he added, "it must be damped by the reflection, that I am able to make such poor compensation for an attachment so noble;---nay, worse---to avail myself of a woman's generosity, to my own exaltation, and her abasement."

"Another such sentence as that banishes me for ever," said Matilda. "Poor compensation!---all the riches of the eastern world---the never-fading wreaths of fame---would afford less satisfaction than your confidence,---your firm unlimited affection."

To have harboured a thought derogatory to the virtue of Matilda would have seemed, to the mind of Edwards, the basest perfidy; to have been himself the destroyer of that virtue, he would have conceived himself the veriest monster in existence; yet that which appears a crime in contemplation is too often palliated in the commission by progressive circumstances; and the repugnance it should excite sleeps, till the hour of repentance arrives. Such was the case with Edwards: involved in an attachment which excited the tenderest emotions, lulled in imaginary security by the plausible and enthusiastic arguments of Matilda, and relying too strongly upon his own honour,

Edwards

Edwards suffered himself to be thrown off his guard by the fascinating blandishments of his enchantress; yet his remorse seemed to be stronger upon the occasion than that of Matilda: he condemned himself as the sole aggressor; and, now, alternately wished for and dreaded the day that should unite them. Matilda uttered not a reproachful word; yet her conduct underwent a material change: she no longer seemed to feel that excessive timidity which had called forth his tenderest attentions; but seemed more strongly to enforce her claims by an air of implicit dependance upon his integrity and love.

(To be continued.)

ROSEVILLE COTTAGE.

[Continued from p. 12.]

Lady Margaret Ponsonby to Horatio Ponsonby, Esq.

"WHEN shall I ever, my dear Horace, find you in a reasonable vein? I give the hope up, in despair, now that I see not even the distresses of your school-fellow and friend, the poor St. Julian, can awaken one spark of sympathy in your breast. In place of comfort, you laugh at him, and abuse the woman he loves.——This will not do, my dear nephew:---you may ridicule a man out of his virtues, but I never yet found the weakest of his foibles dislodged that way.---Alas! human nature is no where so intrepid as when opposing the adversaries of its passions and appetites. If we wish to reinstate your friend in his tranquility, let us rather seek for this rustic beauty.---I will invite her to my villa in Hertfordshire: if she be a mere pretty creature, without value or accomplishment, only give St. Julian enough of her company, and her charms will prove their own antidote; but, on the other hand, should this Mary be, in reality, all that his warm fancy has painted to you, then, what is there to stand in the way of

of his making her his wife?---He tells you she is a gentlewoman; and, if we are convinced that she deserves him, where or what will be the impediment to their union? I cannot see where it lies:---not on his side; for I know not the young woman upon earth, who, unengaged, and in her right mind, would refuse your friend.——Where will you meet a handsomer man?---one more accomplished?---more admired?——Tell him, from me, that I will promise, in less than a month, to ferret out the pretty thief of his affections; and, if I do not contrive that he shall have as worthy an equivalent, never trust my wisdom more.

"Adieu! my dear nephew;---I am obliged to throw down my pen by a summons from my drawing-room, where I am informed that the venerable Marchioness of Lanerk is below: as she is just arrived from Scotland, you know I cannot send her away---so, once more, farewell.——Remember me, with all friendly wishes, to St. Julian; and I remain, ever my Horatio's

"Affectionate aunt,
"MARGARET PONSONBY."

St. James's Square.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE OF MADAME CLAIRON.

THIS celebrated actress, whose talents were only equalled by her beauty and sensibility, used to spend many of her leisure hours in the perusal of the Eloisa of Rousseau. She followed the unhappy St. Preux, and the too tender Julie, through all their wanderings amidst passion and sorrow;---she admired, condemned, pitied, and wept over the fate of these lovers; and she never mentioned the name of their amiable historian without a softened voice and swimming eye.——Rousseau was dead; and, having no longer a possibility of paying that respect to himself

himself which she had often anticipated with delight, she was resolved, at all events, to visit his tomb.

A party of Madame Clairon's friends insisted upon attending her to Ermonville, the place where the remains of this extraordinary man were interred. When she arrived at the spot, she stood for some minutes in speechless meditation, looking upon the tomb; when, all at once, throwing off the little hat that covered her head, and shaking down those long auburn tresses which had so often charmed all Paris, and now shaded her neck, shoulders, and waist, like a rich veil, she drew them all together into her hand; and, taking her scissars, she cut them close to her head, and there scattered them all round the grave of Rousseau, as the most precious offering that she could make to his memory.

G. S.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

THE late Countess of Huntingdon, in the winter of 1787, received a cover directed to her, inclosing two masquerade tickets. She paid no regard to the insult; but, giving them to one of her deacons, bade him send them to some coffee-house at the west end of the town, and get what money he could for them, and give it to any deserving object of distress he thought proper. He accordingly disposed of them for a guinea, and with it, and some small addition to it, liberated a poor man from the Poultry Compter. Presence and tranquility of mind, benevolence, penetration, and acute observation, are said to have been the science of the Countess of Huntingdon. She delighted in meditation, that spring of unceasing pleasures, and true school of wisdom. It is but justice to her memory to say, that she strictly adhered to the maxim of the primitive christians, viz. "that religion consisted not in *talking*, but in *doing* good things."

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY'S LAP-DOG;

In which will be included the History of several Characters, accurately drawn from real Life.

[Continued from p. 176]

"AS you, Sir," said the depredator, addressing himself to the coachman, "seem to have a heart that feels for those in distress, I think, whilst you condemn the atrocity of my behaviour, you will pity the misfortunes that urged me to such a disgraceful step.

"My father rented about fifty acres of land in Somersetshire, and the only son of his landlord happened to take a liking to me; in consequence of which I was received into the family, and had the opportunity of benefiting by the instructions he received. As a book had always afforded me the highest entertainment, even at the time when I was merely a child, it is natural to suppose that I availed myself of this advantage, and took every opportunity of cultivating my mind. My young master treated me with the affection of a brother, rather than with that distance which is generally observed to those in a dependent state; but, when I was at the age of eighteen, a melancholy accident happened, which destroyed all my happiness, and overclouded my fate.

"My patron, whom I loved with the warmest affection, had an absolute passion for swimming in a very rapid stream; and, though I frequently endeavoured to caution him against the danger of the practice, my advice was treated as the effect of an over-cautious zeal. One day, however, he remained so long in the water, that, by the weakness of his strokes, I perceived he was losing his strength; and, with all the terror of apprehension, I implored him immediately to strike across to the neighbouring bank. Never shall I forget the horror of my feelings, when I heard him exclaim,— 'Oh! Richard, I find that my strength entirely fails!' But, before I had time to catch

hold of the hand he had extended, I beheld him sink beneath the waves. With that ardour of friendship which I felt towards him, I instantly descended with a rapid dive; but I found him fixed by the clayey soil of the river, and knew my exertions would be insufficient to bring him out alive. With the rapidity of an arrow I darted out of the river, and flew, naked as I was, across the fields; calling loudly to some men, whom I saw at a distance, to procure a drag, that might enable us to get the body from the stream. In less than five minutes they returned to my assistance, and our attempts to raise my loved companion were crowned with success; but, though every method was taken to produce resuscitation, he had totally lost the principle of life.

"The anguish of my mind at that horrible moment at this distant period of time, I can scarcely think of without tears; but I had still to undertake the melancholy office of making his father acquainted with his death. The loss of a beloved son, so amiable as my young master, must have affected any parent of a less susceptible mind; but, unfortunately, Mr. Doddington was in the habit of yielding to his feelings, instead of endeavouring to resist distress; and this dreadful stroke not only completely unmanned him, but, in less than six weeks, destroyed his life.

"Though he had always promised at his death to raise me above dependence, yet, unhappily for me, no will was to be found; and his fortune all devolved to a distant relation, who seemed to think he acted generously by giving me twenty pounds. The habits of life to which I had been accustomed rendered me unfit for the society I mixed with at home; and my total ignorance of the occupations of a farmer, made my father rather consider me as an intruder than treat me as a son.

"After six months spent in the society of my relations, I obtained my father's permission to engage as usher in a school; but the treatment I received was so different from that I met with at Mr. Doddington's, that I had but little enjoyment

enjoyment in that mode of life. The master of this seminary had one beautiful daughter, about two years younger than myself; and a mutual partiality soon became the consequence of our intercourse, which terminated in her consenting to become my wife. As I knew her father entertained the hope of marrying her to a relation who had the first of all recommendations,—an ample portion of wealth, I did not attempt to obtain his consent to our alliance, but fancied my abilities would procure her all the necessaries of life. The moment we were married we set off to London, where I did not doubt but my literary exertions would succeed; for I had frequently sent a variety of fugitive pieces to the country newspapers, which, though they had not benefited my pocket, had established my fame. Little, however, was I acquainted with the difficulties an author had to encounter, unprotected and unknown; and I soon had the misery of finding, that, though I was great in my own opinion, I had very little chance of succeeding in town.

"To add to the distress with which I was surrounded, I soon found I should have a family to support, as well as a wife; yet, with all my exertions, I could scarcely obtain sufficient to procure an individual the common necessaries of life. As I knew myself perfectly qualified for an assistant in an academy, I endeavoured to procure such a situation, but without success; for, as every one required some testimony of my character and abilities, it was necessary for me to inform them from whence I came; and my father-in-law answered their enquiries so much to my disadvantage, that no one would accept of the overtures I made.

"At length, however, fortune seemed tired of persecution, and I engaged myself as usher to a school about six miles from this place; from the profits of which, and the industry of my dear Mary, for three years we lived in a comfortable state: during that time my father-in-law had never been able to discover the place to which we had removed;

but, by some unlucky circumstance, he then became acquainted with it, and instantly wrote to my employer, loading me with abuse. Though I had conducted myself with the greatest propriety during my residence in his family, and was a general favourite among the boys, yet, in consequence of this letter, I received my dismissal, and was once more reduced to distress.

"To add to the misery of this situation, the day after I quitted my employment, my wife was taken ill; and, as her complaint happened to be of an infectious nature, my two children likewise caught the disease. Day and night I anxiously attended them, but many weeks elapsed before they were restored to health; and, during that period, I had been obliged to sell all my furniture, for the purpose of supporting my family whilst they were sick.

"To describe the anguish I endured, or the misery that surrounded me, would require powers superior to what I possess; for no language can convey a just idea of my sufferings, or completely paint my family's distress. After struggling against hardships which few beings encounter, and which it was scarcely possible for human nature to endure, I described my situation in a letter to your mistress, and earnestly implored her to send me some relief. Whether my letter, by any accident, might have miscarried, or whether she really doubted the account of my distress, are circumstances of which I am entirely ignorant; but her neglect absolutely drove me to despair.—The cries of my children for the common sustenance of nature, united to the debilitated situation of a beloved wife, absolutely drove me to a state of desperation; and I resolved to bring them support, though at the hazard of my life. In this distracted frame of mind, I left them yesterday morning, resolving to stop the first person I happened to meet, whose appearance promised to reward me for the daring depredation, though the horror I felt at the practice seemed to arrest the power of my feet. For some hours I traversed the

the road in a state of distraction; and, at length, I darted across into the fields; when the first person I saw, whose appearance excited expectation of success, was the benevolent-minded mistress of this house. I followed her footsteps through several meadows, without being able to summon up resolution to make my appeal; and, when I saw her joined by a gentleman, who precluded the possibility of my addressing her, I experienced a variety of emotions which it is impossible to reveal. At the first moment, I considered him in the light of a guardian angel, who had stepped forward to preserve both my honour and my life; in the next, I beheld him as the destroyer of my children, and a wretch who had prevented me from obtaining a support for my wife. Sensations so completely contradictory in their nature produced a kind of chaotic impression upon my mind; and I followed them home, oppressed by sensations, which, as it is impossible to imagine, can never be described.—The situation of my wife, the distresses of my children, recurred to my imagination with an agonizing smart; and I resolved not to leave the house without obtaining something that might relieve their necessities, and lessen the anguish that preyed upon their hearts. For this purpose, I at first hid myself in a back kitchen, and there watched an opportunity for secreting myself up stairs; the result of which was, the being detected by that little animal, whom I consider as the preserver of my honour, though he may have sacrificed my life."

"No," said the coachman, passing his hand across his forehead, to conceal the tear of sympathy which started into his eyes, "my mistress would scorn to injure a fellow-creature who had suffered so many distresses in his life."

The conversation then turned upon different subjects, yet, by each of the parties, I was separately caressed: the unfortunate man considered me as the preserver of his honour, and the servants regarded me as the preserver of their mistress's life. The history, which had been related for the entertainment of the servants, was repeated to Mrs.

Clifton the moment she arose; and, as soon as she had breakfasted, the carriage was ordered, and her brother attended her to poor Cawthorn's house.

Though I was always my mistress's companion in pedestrian excursions, I seldom accompanied her in any of her rides; however, as I felt very much interested in the history which had been related, I was anxious to see the unfortunate fellow's wife; and, running up the steps of the carriage, I laid myself at Mrs. Clifton's feet. After driving about six miles, we came to a small cottage, which was situated at the extremity of the town; and, upon the coachman's enquiring whether Mrs. Cawthorn lived in it, an elderly woman immediately appeared, and, with a countenance expressive of distress and apprehension, exclaimed, "Good lack! I fear you be comed to bring the poor soul bad news; for her husband has left her ever since yesterday morning, and she has been like a distracted creature all the whole night."

"Her husband is perfectly safe, my good woman, I assure you," said my mistress, in a tone that shewed she participated in their distress; "but, will you have the goodness to conduct me to Mrs. Cawthorn; for I wish to speak a few words with her myself?"

"Oh! that I will, an' please your Ladyship," replied the sympathising creature; "for you looks as if you would speak a little comfort to her mind:---and, God knows! the poor soul is quite broken-hearted;---and, I am sure, she has almost cried herself blind." So saying, she led the way to a very small apartment; and, dropping a low courtesy, opened the door.

The poor woman was employed in endeavouring to blow a flame into some expiring embers, which scarcely deserved the name of fire, over which was placed a small saucepan of gruel, which the children were loudly imploring her to divide. As Mrs. Clifton entered, she arose with precipitation; and her countenance displayed a mixture of confusion, distress, and alarm.

"Do

"Do not let me interrupt you, Mrs. Cawthorn," said my mistress, advancing; "for I merely called to tell you that your husband is perfectly well."

"Heaven be praised, Madam!" exclaimed the agitated woman, at the same time fervently clasping her hands, whilst tears, expressing more than language could communicate, flowed in a rapid current down her cheeks. A few interrogations soon convinced Mrs. Clifton that Cawthorn had given a faithful description of the events of his life; yet, with a delicacy that proved the utmost refinement of feeling, she resolved to conceal the last instance of desperation from his unfortunate wife.

"I fear you have been uneasy," said she, addressing herself to Mrs. Cawthorn, "that your husband did not return last night; but, as accident made me acquainted with his misfortunes, I felt extremely interested in his fate; and my brother is endeavouring to procure him a situation which will completely alter the colour of his fortune. As Mr. Cawthorn," continued she, "may not be able to return this evening, allow me to become your banker until he arrives:" saying which, she slipped her purse into her hand, and departed, before the agitated woman was able to reply.

During my mistress's visit, her brother had remained in the carriage, and listened, with the utmost attention, to her relation of the distresses of Cawthorn's wife; and it was soon agreed between them that he should endeavour to procure him an appointment in the India-house, which, though it might not insure him competence, would prevent him from distress.

Mr. Lambert was a man of so much consequence in the Company's opinion, that few requests he could have made would be likely to be denied; and, as business of importance obliged him directly to go to London, he offered the unfortunate Cawthorn a place in his chaise. Mrs. Clifton's butler happened to have a suit of clothes that exactly fitted him; and it was astonishing the different appearance which

which an alteration of dress made; in short, no creature who had seen him would have believed it was the same person, of whom, a few hours before, it was natural to be afraid.

On the third day after Mr. Lambert's departure, a letter from Cawthorn arrived by the post, informing his wife that he had received an appointment which would bring him in annually a hundred and fifty pounds, and entreating her to come immediately to town, as he trusted, at length, there was an end to their woes. Another letter was, likewise, addressed to my mistress, which, as it displayed the sensations of a grateful heart, I shall beg leave to affix to the poor fellow's adventures; and then disclose a circumstance that produced a total change in my life.

"*To Mrs. Clifton.*

"Madam,

"WHEN I reflect upon the atrocity of my own conduct, and consider you as the guardian of my honour and the preserver of my life, I know that language cannot describe the weight of my obligations; yet I feel it a duty incumbent upon me to write.

"Though I boldly ventured, Madam, to endeavour to commit an act of depredation, yet the motive which occasioned it has induced you to pity my distress; and, at the moment that the law would have transported me into a foreign country, you have prevented its exertion, and proved my protectress, and my friend!

"To express, Madam, what I feel, is absolutely impossible;---would to Heaven I may be able to prove it by the future conduct of my life!

"Mr. Lambert's favourable recommendation of me to the directors, induced them immediately to appoint me to a vacant place; and I am indulging the hope of soon embracing my beloved children, and of pressing to my bosom the most affectionate of wives. To you, Madam, am I

to

to ascribe the delightful sensations which even the bare idea of my felicity yields.

" Adieu, Madam !---may you long be a stranger to every painful emotion, and may perfect happiness be the inhabitant of your breast, is the ardent prayer of

" Your devoted servant,

" G. CAWTHORN.

(To be continued.)

SEVERN VALE;

OR, THE HISTORY OF MATILDA MADEN.

[Continued from p. 187.]

" SHE comes," replied her Ladyship, in a low tone of accent, " from a spot which I consider as the garden of the world: but you can never have seen her before; for she lived perfectly retired with her mother, and, I believe, was never the distance of twenty miles from home. Her name is Maden," continued Lady Edwards; " and I hope, in some measure, to supply the loss she has sustained by her mother's death."

" Death !" exclaimed his Lordship, in a faltering cadence; and, striking his hand upon his forehead, hurried out of the room. The singularity of this behaviour astonished Lady Edwards; but the cause of it her brother completely explained; for Viscount Trent and Mr. Rochford was one and the same character, and the image of Mrs. Maden had never been effaced from his mind: his feelings had been so completely wounded by her conduct, that he formed the resolution of leading an unmarried life; and, though his disposition was calculated for the enjoyment of domestic happiness, he publicly declared his intention was never to take a wife. The appearance of Matilda raised a thousand tender sensations in his bosom, for she was the very counterpart of what her

mother

mother was at the same age; and, when he had heard of her death, his distress was nearly equal to what it would have been had it happened at the time he was engaged.

His Lordship had a sister several years older than himself; and, upon the death of his father, he resolved to adopt her eldest child, who always resided with him during the Cambridge vacation; and he was, at that time, one of the guests at Mr. Dorset's elegant seat. The person of this young man was strikingly handsome, and there was something peculiarly interesting in his face; yet his mental qualifications were far superior to his personal, and at once insured him both affection and esteem. The singularity of his uncle's manner instantly alarmed him; and, with an anxiety in his countenance, he followed him out of the room; but, soon returning, told Mr. Dorset that his Lordship was seized with a sudden indisposition, which obliged him to decline joining the party that afternoon.

As Matilda did not know that she was the indirect cause of Lord Trent's indisposition, she heard of it without its being productive of any striking effect; and, as Lady Edwards was delighted at observing that she had, in some measure, conquered her dejection, she was fearful of telling her any thing that might be likely to bring a return of her distress. The next morning Mr. Cunningham, which was the name of his Lordship's nephew, informed her, that his uncle wished to be indulged with half an hour's conversation, before he took his ride; to which request her Ladyship readily consented, and retired to her brother's study, for the purpose of not being disturbed.

"I have a thousand apologies to make to you," said his Lordship, entering the apartment, and taking Lady Edwards respectfully by the hand; "but I find my friend Dorset has accounted for the singularity of my conduct, and I know that your breast will sympathize in my pain. "My dear Lady Edwards," continued he, "had you but known that angelic woman at the moment that I fondly expected to have made her my wife, you would not be

astonished

astonished that the very appearance of her representative should have excited the strongest emotions in my mind; but, when I heard that she had paid the debt of Nature, and reflected upon the real cause of her death, the agitation of my mind was too agonizing for description, and, to conceal my sensations, I was forced to retire.——Oh! she was murdered!---absolutely sacrificed!---and, yet, the villain is permitted to triumph in his crimes!" Here his voice became so inarticulate, that it was absolutely impossible for him to proceed; and, placing his handkerchief before his eyes to conceal his emotions, he walked in a hurried manner up and down the room: at length, recovering himself, he said——

"Will you pardon my curiosity, and tell me how the child of my beloved Matilda happened to be placed under your care?"

Though Mrs. Maden had been an entire stranger to Lady Edwards, or, at least, their acquaintance had only commenced a few hours before her death, yet she sympathized so very sincerely in her misfortunes, that she could never even mention her without the loss of tears.

Lord Trent listened to her narrative with a variety of emotions that proved the sensibility of his disposition and the agitation of his mind; and, when she had concluded, he pressed her hand with fervent ardour, and implored her to allow him to evince his friendship for his dear Matilda's child.

"To procure her friends, my Lord," said the amiable Lady Edwards, "will always be one of the principal objects of my life; and, when they are volunteered, of course, I must be gratified; and, I am sure, Matilda will prove grateful for the friendship she receives."

"Oh!" said his Lordship, "I trust the amiable girl will feel a warmer sentiment than gratitude in her breast, for I wish to inspire her with affection and esteem. I flatter myself that she will consider me in the light of a parent, for the duties of one I am determined sacredly to fulfil."

Lady

Lady Edwards then put into his hand the packet that had been addressed to Matilda, which she requested him to peruse, and then retired.

If his Lordship had before felt interested in the happiness of Matilda, it was much increased by perusing the events in her unfortunate mother's life; and, when he came to the conclusion, he started up in agony, exclaiming—— "Oh! my infatuated Matilda, how different had been thy fortune, hadst thou consented to have been my wife!"

Whilst Lord Trent was reading Mrs. Maden's affecting little history, Lady Edwards was making Matilda acquainted with his friendly designs, who felt the liveliest pleasure at the prospect of being under his direction, as, from the moment of her reading her mother's narrative, she was anxious to be introduced to his sight. His conduct towards her was, at once, tender and affectionate, yet mingled with a greater degree of respect than is usually paid to a child; for, though her person was tall, and her manners very elegant, yet she certainly could not claim that kind of conduct from her years. Matilda appeared to consider him in the light of a parent whom it was her duty and inclination to esteem and respect; and to Mr. Cunningham she behaved with that artless freedom of friendship which a constant intercourse between them naturally gave.

From the moment of Lady Edwards's arrival at her brother's, George Cunningham had been pointed in his endeavours to please; and, though she penetrated into his motive, she did not appear to discover it, thinking that a boyish attachment was not worthy to be dignified with the name of love; and believing, that, as soon as the young people were separated, the transitory impression would be effaced from his heart.

After having passed three months in the seat of elegance and hospitality, Lady Edwards and her young companions returned to town, where, in the course of a few months, his Lordship promised to join them; but was prevented from

from fulfilling his intention [illegible] his nephew's being taken ill; and, as the physicians entertained an idea that there were some consumptive symptoms, he was ordered to try the effect of a milder clime; in consequence of which, they set out for Lisbon, with the intent of remaining in Portugal for some length of time.

(To be continued.)

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF GESSNER.

SALOMON Gessner was born at Zurich in the year 1710. In his youth he gave no symptoms of his future greatness, at least his parents saw none; and Simler, a man of some learning, was not able to raise the hopes of the father, when he assured him that the boy had talents, which, though now hid, would sooner or later shew themselves, and exalt him far above his school-fellows. As he made so little progress at Zurich, he was sent to Berg, and put under the care of a clergyman; where retirement, and the picturesque scenery around him, laid the foundation for the change of his character. After two years' residence at Berg, he returned home to his father, who was a bookseller at Zurich, and whose shop was resorted to by such men of genius as were then in that city. Here his poetical talents, in some slight degree, displayed themselves—better than might have been expected from a lad of nineteen, but not sufficiently to deter his father from sending him to Berlin, in the year 1749, to qualify him for his own business. Here the young poet was employed in packing and unpacking, on the outside rather than the inside of books. This mode of life displeased him. He ran away from his master; hired a chamber to himself; and his parent, according to the usual mode in such cases, thought to bring him to his senses by with-

holding the supplies. Gessner, resolved to be independent, shut himself up in his chamber, and, after some time, went to his friend Hempel, a celebrated artist, whom he requested to return with him to his lodgings. The apartment was covered with fresh landscapes, which our young hero had painted with sweet oil, and by which he hoped to make his fortune. The shrugging up of the shoulders of his friend concluded with an assurance, that, though his works were not likely to be held in high estimation in their present state, very great expectations might be raised from them, if he continued for ten years with equal application.

Fortunately for our young artist, his parents relented, and he was permitted to spend his time as he liked at Berlin. Here he formed acquaintance with artists and men of letters. Krause, Hempel, Ramler, Sulzer, were his companions. Ramler was his friend, from the fineness of whose ear and taste he derived the greatest advantages. With much diffidence he presented to Ramler some of his compositions; but every verse and every word were criticised, and very few could pass through the fiery trial. The Swiss dialect he found, at last, was the obstacle in his way; and the exertions requisite to satisfy the delicacy of a German ear would be excessive. Ramler advised him to clothe his thoughts in harmonious prose; this counsel he followed; and with what success, his works have since that time splendidly manifested.

From Berlin, Gessner went to Hamburgh, with letters of recommendation to Hagedorn; but he chose to make himself acquainted with him at a coffee-house before the letters were delivered. A close intimacy followed; and he had the advantages of the literary society which Hamburgh at that time afforded. Thence he returned home with his taste much refined; and, fortunately for him, came back when his countrymen were in some degree capable of enjoying his future works. Had he produced them twenty years before, his Daphnis would have been hissed at as immoral,

moral, and his Abel would have been preached against as profanation.

This period may be called the Augustan age of Germany. Klopstock, Ramler, Kleist*, Gleim, Utz, Lessing, Weiland, Rabener, were rescuing their country from the sarcasms of the great Frederick. Klopstock paid, about this time, a visit to Zurich, and fired every breast with poetical ardour. He had scarce left the place when Weiland came; and by both our hero was well received. After a few anonymous compositions, he tried his genius on a subject which was started by the accidental perusal of the translation of Longus; and his "Daphnis" was improved by the remarks of his friend Hirzel, the author of "The Rustic Socrates." "Daphnis" appeared first, without a name, in the year 1754; it was followed, in 1756, by "Inkle and Yarico;" and Gessner's reputation was spread, in the same year, over Germany and Switzerland by his pastorals. His brother poets acknowledged the merit of these light compositions, as they were pleased to call them; but conceived their author incapable of forming a grander plan, or aiming at the dignity of heroic poetry. To these critics he soon after opposed his "Death of Abel."

In 1762, he collected his poems in four volumes, in which were some new pieces that had never before made their appearance in public. In 1772, he produced his second volume of pastorals, with some letters on landscape painting. These met with the most favourable reception in France, where they were translated and imitated; as they were, also, though with less success, in Italy and England.

Hitherto we have considered Gessner only as a poet; he was also an artist. Till his thirtieth year, painting was only an accidental amusement; but at that time he became acquainted with Heidegger, a man of taste, whose collection of paintings and engravings was thus thrown open to him. The daughter made an impression on him; but the circumstances of the lovers were not favourable to an union,

* Some account of this Writer shall be given in our next.

till, through the activity and friendship of the burgomaster Heidegger, and Hirzel, he was enabled to accomplish his wishes. How were the married couple to live? The pen would not afford a very good maintenance in Switzerland. The poet had too much spirit to be dependent on others; and he determined to pursue the arts no longer as an amusement, but as the means of procuring a livelihood.

Painting and engraving alternately filled that time which was not occupied with poetry; and in these arts, if he did not arrive at the greatest eminence, he was distinguished by that simplicity, that elegance, that singularity, which are the characteristics of his poetry. His wife was not idle; besides the care of her house and the education of her children, for which no one was better qualified, the whole burthen of the shop (for our poet was bookseller, as well as poet, engraver, and painter) was laid upon her shoulders.

In his manners, Gessner was cheerful, lively, and, at times, playful; fond of his wife, fond of his children. He had no pretensions to learning, yet he could read the Latin poets in their original; and of the Greek, he preferred the Latin translations to the French. In his early years, he led rather a solitary life, or confined himself to men of taste and literature; as he grew older, he accustomed himself to general conversation; and in his later years his house was the centre point of the men of the first rank for talents and fortune in Zurich. Here they met twice a week, and formed a *conversazione* of a kind seldom if ever to be met with in great cities, and very rarely in any place. The politics of England destroy such meetings in London, where the Sunday-evening assembly of best resort may be compared rather to the confusion and insignificance of a woman's route, than to the resort of genius, taste, and literature. Gessner, with his friends, enjoyed that simplicity of manners which makes society agreeable; and, in his rural residence in the summer, a little way out of town, they brought back the memory almost of the golden age.

Gessner

Gessner died of an apo[illegible] in the year 1788, leaving a widow, three children, and a sister, behind. His youngest son was married to a daughter of his father's friend, Weiland. His fellow-citizens have erected a statue in memory of him, in his favourite walk on the banks of the Limmat, where it meets the Sihl.

The modern writers of pastorals have, generally, contented themselves with copying, or imitating, the descriptions and sentiments of the antient poets. Sannazarius, indeed, attempted a bold innovation: he composed Piscatory Eclogues; changing the scene from woods to the sea; from the life of shepherds to that of fishermen. But the innovation was so unhappy, that it has gained no followers; for the life of fishermen is, obviously, much more hard and toilsome than that of shepherds, and presents to the fancy much less agreeable images. Flocks, and trees, and flowers, are objects of greater beauty, and more generally relished by men, than fishes and marine productions. Of all the moderns, Gessner has been the most successful in his pastoral compositions. He has introduced into his Idylls many new ideas. His rural scenery is often striking, and his descriptions are lively.—He presents pastoral life to us with all the embellishments of which it is susceptible; but without any excess of refinement. What forms the chief merit of this poet, is, that he writes to the heart; and has enriched the subjects of his Idylls with incidents which give rise to much tender sentiment. Scenes of domestic felicity are beautifully painted. The mutual affection of husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, as well as of lovers, are displayed in a pleasing and touching manner; and in the poetry of his style, as well as in the subject and conduct of his pastorals, he seems to have outdone all the moderns.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

THE friends and admirers of the late Mrs. Griffith are much gratified by the judicious and elegant sketch of her life and writings which lately appeared in the Lady's Monthly Museum.

The writer of that sketch, however, is under one considerable error respecting her life.—Mrs. Griffith never did appear on the stage; nor had she even been in London till many years subsequent to the period assigned by your correspondent. The error may have arisen from the circumstance of another person of the name of Mrs. Griffith (but no way connected with the family of Henry or Frances) having appeared at that period.

In the review, also, of her literary performances, it is to be regretted, that your correspondent has omitted mention of her "Essays addressed to Young Married Women," that admired work which closed and crowned her literary career.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,
A CONSTANT READER.

Dublin, Feb. 10th, 1802.

THE GERMAN AMAZON.

IF heroism in the male sex be admired, it ought still more to excite our wonder and applause in the female. Johanna Sophia Kettnerin, born in the capital of Eichstadt, disguised herself in men's clothes, and enlisted at the age of twenty, in the Austrian service, where she served three whole years as a common soldier, and two and a half as a corporal, in the foot regiment of Hagenbach. She behaved herself as became a valiant soldier in all the campaigns of that war which Maria Theresa, at the commencement

mencement of her reign, carried on against the Bavarians and French. She did her duty in the most soldier-like manner on marches and on guard; at stormings, attacks, and battles, and won the universal admiration of her fellow-soldiers. A severe disorder having attacked her, was the means of discovering her sex; and the matter was reported to the High Council of War. By an order of that Council she was called to Vienna, and brought before the Empress, who, upon examining into the affair, bestowed upon this female heroine a pension of eight guilders a month. To her latest age she preserved that heroic look, step, and gesture, which she had learned in her military capacity. She was able to shew several wounds on her head and arms. She died on the 21st of last January, at the advanced age of eighty-four. General Stossel, who happened to be at Eichstadt at that time, on the recruiting service, attended her body to the grave with his party, and saw the German Amazon honourably interred.

THE BRITISH AMAZONS.

SOME years since, a gentleman in the city, extensively engaged in West Indian commerce, was involved in bankruptcy by a misplaced confidence: he retired into the neighbourhood of Bradford, with two daughters, and shortly after sunk beneath the pressure of his misfortunes, leaving them wholly without provision. The former affluence of their father had prevented their acquiring a knowledge of any profession by which to earn a respectable maintenance: —they could not work, and were ashamed to beg. In this dilemma, their enterprize rose superior to thoughts of fear, and prompted the bold expedient of assuming the dress and character of men, and entering into the navy. They went to Portsmouth, and, by their address, obtained a situation on the quarter-deck of a troop-ship, bound to the West Indies.

Indies. They were engaged in the reduction of Curacoa, &c., and served with credit in two or three actions in those seas, till one of them was wounded by a splinter in the side; when, her sex being discovered, she was discharged, and came to England about six weeks since. The other sister was, at this period, sinking under the fever which has proved so fatal to Europeans in the West Indies, and had been sent ashore at Dominica: there, under an impression of approaching death, she disclosed, to one of the officers of the ship, her sex. The discovery gave tenderness to the esteem he had before entertained for his young friend: his attentions contributed to her convalescence. In short, she recovered, and they were married; and are now on their return to Europe, in possession of the means to render happy the remainder of their days.

NORTH WALES.

WHIMSICAL CIRCUMSTANCE AT CORWEN IN MERIONETHSHIRE.

[Related by Mr. Evans, in his Tour of North Wales.]

"THE only inn is the Owen Glyndwer, to which we were directed by a huge figure painted on a sign, having large eyes and a long beard, much like the Saracen's Head, intended to represent the Hero of the Vale, who still lives in the remembrance and affections of the people of Corwen. The decent accommodations, and the pointed civility of the people, made this a comfortable retreat. Wishing for every kind of refreshment, after a long and toilsome day, I enquired for a *Tonsor;* after waiting till the supper was ready, and my patience nearly exhausted, I discovered that my meaning was not comprehended: the girl supposing, from the time of the evening, and the custom of the place, that I must wish for the soothing sounds of music to lull me to repose, introduced a blind harper: I smiled,

I smiled, as you may suppose; to have shewn any symptoms of disapprobation, would have been calling my own taste in question, and an unfair requital of her well-meant intentions. I retained the village minstrel, and, on further explaining my wants, was informed there was no barber within many miles; that a woman shaved at Corwen; but that she supposed my honour would not like to be shaved by a *woman!*

"Smiling at the haughty ideas our sex were supposed to entertain of the fair, and the humble opinion she had of her own, I readily acquiesced. The girl, who understood me rather from my looks than my language, hastened her steps; and, in a few minutes, a tall stout damsel made her appearance, about twenty-five, of a fair and ruddy complexion; who, with the apparatus in her hand, and a smile upon her face, in broken English addressed herself to the company. In the one hand was a pewter jug, containing hot water; in the other a case of razors and a shaving-box; wonder not at the latter, the accommodation of more polished countries: it was a present from a gentleman, whose beard she had taken off with so much dexterity and ease, as to leave an impression of gratitude upon his mind; and he had, as a token of it, made this useful acknowledgment. She proceeded to the work. Entertained with the novelty of the thing, and the perfect good-humour of the operator, expressed in smiles and the softest sounds of her language, my beard was removed before—I wished, shall I say?—certainly before I expected.

"On enquiry, I learned, that Magdalene Hughes was the daughter of a creditable person of the town, possessed, at his death, of a small property, which, while the family remained together, was sufficient to keep them; but that some were married, and some dead; and she was left with an aged mother, and had taken up this odd but profitable trade, as the means of procuring subsistence for both. I never had my beard more easily removed; but, independent of this, from the consideration of the latter circumstance, the

the man of sensibility will never pass Corwen without contributing a small gratuity to this dutiful daughter of affliction. I presented her with a small piece of silver on the occasion, and we soon learnt that the happiness this unexpected event produced was not confined to herself.

"The generosity of this simple people appeared in this, as in many other instances, of too liberal a nature to be confined within the narrow limits of self. The joy of the unadulterated Welsh character is the joy *of social participation:* the harper, who had been playing for us during the hour of supper, was now enlisted in the service of Magdalene; her young acquaintance in the town, and the servants of the house, were invited to the feast; the mistress of the house, entering into the spirit of the occasion, contributed her mite also: the merry dance and cheering *cwrw* went round to an advanced hour; and we had the pleasure of witnessing a large portion of inoffensive mirth, produced by an inconsiderable gratuity."

FREE ANIMADVERSIONS ON THE PREVAILING PASSION FOR CARDS.

I WILL use the freedom, unpleasing as it may prove, or ill-bred as it may seem, to offer a few remarks on the passion for cards, which is now become so strangely predominant, as to take the lead of every thing else, in almost every company of every rank. With many, indeed, it seems to be a calling, and, as a witty author has observed, "a laborious one, too, such as they toil night and day at; nay, do not allow themselves that remission which the laws both of God and man have provided for the meanest mechanic. The sabbath is to them no day of rest; but this trade goes on when all shops are shut. I know not," continues he, "how they satisfy themselves in such an habitual waste of their time; but I much doubt that plea, whatsoever

whatsoever it is, which passeth with them, will scarce hold weight at His tribunal who hath commanded us to redeem, not fling away, our time."

To the same occupation, what numbers sacrifice their health and spirits, with every natural pleasure that depends on these, not excepting even the comforts of fresh air; pursuing it in the country with the same unabating ardour as in town; and to all the beauty and sweetness of rural scenes, preferring the suffocating atmosphere of, perhaps, a small apartment, where they regularly, every day, if possible, crowd round the card-table for hours together! What neglect of business and study, what ruin of credit, of fortune, of families, of connexions, of all that is valuable in this world, often follow the frenzy I speak of, who can express?

I will suppose, my fair readers, nay, I do hope, that the demon of Avarice has not yet taken possession of your hearts. But do you know any thing so likely to introduce him as the spirit of gaming? Is not this last a kindred fiend? and does not he, like most other tempters, advance by slow steps, and with a smiling aspect? Tell me, in sober sadness, what security can you have that the love of play will not lead you to the love of gaming?

Between these I know there is a distinction; but is it not a distinction, at best, resembling that between twilight and darkness? and does not one succeed the other almost as naturally? The former, at first, is cheerful and serene, retaining some rays of pleasantry and good-humour; but, by little and little, these disappear. A deepening shade takes place; till, at last, every emanation of mirth and good-nature dying away, all is involved in the gloom of anxiety, suspicion, envy, and disgust, and every dreadful passion that lowers in the train of covetousness. I say not that this always happens; but, I ask again, what security is there that it will not happen to you? Did not every gamester in the world, whether male or female, begin just where you do? And is it not probable that many of that

infamous

infamous tribe had once as little apprehension as you can have of proceeding to those lengths to which they have since run, through the natural progress of vice, no where more infatuating or more rapid than in this execrable one?

But let us suppose the desire of winning should, in you, never rise to that rage which agitates the breast of many a fine lady, discomposes those features, and inflames those eyes, where nothing should be seen but soft illumination. Are there not lower degrees in the thirst of gain, which a liberal mind would ever carefully avoid? And pray consider, when, either by superior skill, or what is called better luck, you happen to strip of her money, of that money she can ill spare, an acquaintance, a companion, a friend, one whom you profess, at least, to love and honour, perhaps at the very moment to entertain with all the sacred rites of hospitality---is there nothing unkind, nothing sordid, in giving way to that which draws after it such consequences? Is this the spirit of friendship or humanity? —Blessed God! how does the passion I condemn deprave the worthiest affections of nature; and how does that bewitching power, the fashion of the times, pervert even the best understandings, when resigned to its impostures!

Nor is it the laws of humanity and friendship only that are transgressed by the love of gaming. The sweet emotions of love and tenderness between the sexes are often swallowed up by this all-devouring appetite; an appetite which, perhaps, beyond any thing else, tends to harden and contract the heart, at the same time that the immoderate indulgence of it excludes a thousand reciprocations of sentiment and joy, which would serve to kindle and feed the flame of virtuous affection.—How much conversation suffers from it, who does not perceive?

Here, indeed, you will tell me, with an air of triumph, that it prevents a great deal of scandal. What, then, are your minds so unfurnished, so vacant, that without cards you must necessarily fly to that wretched resource?

Creation,

Creation, providence, religion, books, observation, fancy do these present so narrow a field of entertainment, as to force you on the alternative of preying either on the reputation or on the property of others?—But, now I recollect, while you possess an art of such utility as this last for filling up the blanks of discourse, as well as for repairing the wastes of extravagance, why should you give yourselves any trouble to read or think, to enlarge your ideas, or improve your faculties, beyond the usual standard? Surely the knowledge of the most fashionable games, of the most remarkable characters, of the reigning modes and amusements of the season, with a few common-place compliments, remarks, and matters of fact, but especially some passages of private history, told by way of secret to all the world, are quite sufficient, by the help of a little vivacity which Nature will supply, to accomplish you for every purpose of modern society.——Alas! how poor is all this!---how unworthy of the principal attention of beings made "but a little lower than the angels," and professing to believe in the communion of saints!

But, are there not many general companies in which it were impossible to spend a long evening with any tolerable ease or propriety, but by borrowing assistance from the card-table? I grant it, as things are now; and, when you are so situated, your complying with the occasion may be both allowable and proper, provided the stakes are but trifling, your tempers not ruffled, and what you win or lose is agreed to be given away in charity. By this means, perhaps, you may "make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness."

But tell me, I beseech you, where is the necessity of being very often in general companies? Are these the scenes of true enjoyment? What! where the heart cannot be unfolded; where the understanding has little or no play; where all is reserve, ceremony, show; where the smile of complaisance is frequently put on to deceive; and even the

warmest professions of regard are sometimes made the "cloak of maliciousness!"

There is not, methinks, any thing more contemptible, or more to be pitied, than that turn of mind, which, finding no entertainment in itself, none at home, none in books, none in rational conversation, nor in the intercourses of real friendship, nor in ingenious works of any kind, is continually seeking to stifle reflection in a tumult of pleasures, and to divert weariness in a crowd.

"But, can it be supposed, that, even in more private meetings, people should be always able to pass the time without cards?" You ought to speak more plain, and say, to kill the time; for that is commonly the case. By the most favourable reckoning, the greatest part of those hours that are devoted to play is lost. That which was begun for amusement is lengthened out to fatigue. No one improving or generous idea is circulated; no one happy or solacing recollection is secured. The whole is to be set down as a large portion of the span of life cut off without advantage, and without satisfaction, as far as virtue or reason is concerned.

"What, then, shall we do when together?" Do!---why, converse, or hold your tongues, as good sense and unaffected nature prompt to either? Do!---why work, read, sing, dance, laugh, and look grave, by turns, as occasions serve; any thing in the world that is innocent, rather than eternal play. For persons in all the gaiety of health, and sprightliness of youth; persons not relaxed by infirmity, or exhausted by business; persons with numberless sources of delight laid open to them, and every natural relish lively and strong---for them to be at a loss how to spend a single evening without cards, what a degradation to the human mind!

Willing to corroborate an argument which to me appears of such importance, I will avail myself of the words of a writer now living, who is not less respectable for the force than for the morality of his pen. Complaining of the

the fatal passion for play, he mentions, among other mischiefs to which it leads, its tendency "to destroy all distinctions both of rank and sex; to crush all emulation but that of fraud; to confound the world in a chaos of folly; to withhold youth from its natural pleasures, deprive wit of its influence, and beauty of its charms; to extinguish the flames of the lover as well as of the patriot; to sink life into a tedious uniformity, and to allow it no other hopes or fears but those of robbing, and being robbed." He adds, in the same animated style, that, "if those of your sex, who have minds capable of nobler sentiments, will unite in vindication of their pleasures and their prerogatives, they may fix a time when cards shall cease to be in fashion, or be left only to those who have neither beauty to be loved, nor spirit to be feared; neither knowledge to teach, nor modesty to learn; and who, having passed their youth in vice, are justly condemned to spend their age in folly."

GENUINE LETTER

From Sir William Temple to the Countess of Essex, upon her Grief occasioned by the Loss of her only Daughter.

Sheen, Jan. 29, 1674.

THE honour I received by a letter from your Ladyship was too great and too sensible not to be acknowledged; but, yet, I doubted whether that occasion could bear me out in the confidence of giving your Ladyship any further trouble of this kind, without as good an errand as my last.

I know no duty in religion more generally agreed on, nor more justly required by God Almighty, than a perfect submission to his will in all things; nor do I think any disposition of mind can either please him more, or become us better, than that of being satisfied with all he gives, and contented with all he takes away. None, I am sure,

can be of more honour to God, nor of more ease to ourselves; for, if we consider him as our maker, we cannot contend with him; if as our father, we ought not to distrust him; so that we may be confident whatever he does is intended for good, and whatever happens that we interpret otherwise, yet we can get nothing by repining, nor save any thing by resisting.

But, if it were fit for us to reason with God Almighty, and your Ladyship's loss be acknowledged as great as it could have been to any one alive, yet, I doubt you would have but ill grace to complain at the rate you have done, or rather as you do; for the first motions and passions, how violent soever, may be pardoned; and it is only the course of them that makes them inexcusable. In this world, Madam, there is nothing perfectly good; and whatever is called so is but either comparatively with other things of its kind, or else with the evil that is mingled in its composition; so he is a good man that is better than men commonly are, or in whom the good qualities are more than the bad; so, in the course of life, his condition is esteemed good, which is better than that of most other men, or wherein the good circumstances are more than the ill. By this measure, I doubt, Madam, your complaints ought to be turned into acknowledgments, and your friends would have cause to rejoice rather than condole with you; for the goods or blessings of life are usually esteemed to be birth, health, beauty, friends, children, honour, riches. Now, when your Ladyship has fairly considered how God Almighty has dealt with you in what he has given you of all these, you may be left to judge yourself how you have dealt with him in your complaints for what he has taken away. But if you look about you, and consider other lives as well as your own, and what your lot is in comparison with those that have been drawn in the circle of your knowledge; if you think how few are born with honour, how many die without name or children, how little beauty we see, how few friends we

hear of, how many diseases, and how much poverty, there is in the world, you will fall down upon your knees, and, instead of repining at one affliction, will admire so many blessings as you have received at the hand of God.

'Tis true, you have lost a child, and therein all that could be lost in a child of that age; but you have kept one child, and are likely to do so long; you have the assurance of another, and the hopes of many more. You have kept a husband, great in employment and in fortune, and, which is more, in the esteem of good men. You have kept your beauty and your health, unless you have destroyed them yourself, or discouraged them to stay with you by using them ill. You have friends that are as kind to you as you can wish, or as you can give them leave to be by their fears of losing you; and being thereby so much the unhappier, the kinder they are to you. But you have honour and esteem from all that know you; or if ever it fails you, in any degree, it is only upon that of your seeming to be fallen out with God and the whole world, and neither to care for yourself, or any thing else, after what you have lost.

You will say, perhaps, that one thing was all to you, and your fondness of it made you indifferent to every thing else; but this, I doubt, will be so far from justifying you, that it will prove to be your fault as well as your misfortune. God Almighty gave you all the blessings of life, and you set your heart wholly upon one, and despise or undervalue all the rest:---is this his fault or your's? nay, is it not to be very unthankful to heaven, as well as very scornful to the rest of the world? Is it not to say---because you have lost one thing God has given, you thank him for nothing he has left, and care not what he takes away? Is it not to say, since one thing is gone out of the world, there is nothing in it which you think can deserve your kindness or esteem? A friend makes me a feast, and sets before me all that his care or kindness could provide; but I set my heart on one dish alone, and, if that happens to

be thrown down, I scorn all the rest; and, though he sends for another of the same, yet I rise from the table in a rage, and say my friend is my enemy, and has done me the greatest wrong in the world: have I reason, Madam, or good grace, in what I do? or would it become me better to eat of the rest that is before me, and think no more of what had happened, and could not be remedied?

But, Madam, though religion were no party in your case, and that, for so violent and injurious a grief, you had nothing to answer to God, but only to the world and yourself, yet I very much doubt how you would be acquitted. We bring into the world with us a poor, needy, uncertain life, short at the longest, and unquiet at the best; all the imaginations of the witty and the wise have been perpetually busied to find out the ways how to revive it with pleasures, or to relieve it with diversions; how to compose it with ease, and settle it with safety. To some of those ends have been employed the institutions of lawgivers, the reasonings of philosophers, the inventions of poets, the pains of labouring and the extravagances of voluptuous men. All the world is perpetually at work about nothing else, but only that our poor mortal lives should pass the easier and happier for that little time we possess them, or else end the better when we lose them.

Passions are, perhaps, the stings, without which, they say, no honey is made; yet, I think, all sorts of men have ever agreed that they ought to be our servants, and not our masters; to give us some agitation for entertainment or exercise, but never to throw our reason out of its seat. Perhaps I would not always sit still, or would be sometimes on horseback; but I would never ride a horse that galls my flesh, or shakes my bones, or that runs away with me as he pleases, so that I can neither stop at a river or precipice. Better no passions at all than have them too violent; or such alone as, instead of heightening our pleasures, afford us nothing but vexation and pain.

In

In all such losses as your Ladyship's has been, there is something that common nature cannot be denied---there is a great deal that good-nature may be allowed; but all excessive and outrageous grief or lamentation for the dead was accounted, among the antient christians, to have something of heathenish; and, among the civil nations of old, to have something of barbarous; and, therefore, it has been the care of the first to moderate it by their precepts, and the latter to restrain it by their laws. The longest time that has been allowed to the forms of mourning, by the custom of any country, and in any relation, has been but that of a year; in which space the body is commonly supposed to be mouldered away to earth, and to retain no more figure of what it was; but this has been given only to the loss of parents, of husband, or wife. On the other side, to children under age nothing has been allowed; and, I suppose, with particular reason (the common ground of all general customs), perhaps, because they die in innocence, and without having tasted the miseries of life; so as we are sure they are well when they leave us, and escape much ill, which would, in all appearance, have befallen them if they had staid much longer with us. Besides, a parent may have twenty children, and so his mourning may run through all the best of his life, if his losses are frequent of that kind; and our kindness to children so young is taken to proceed from common opinions, or fond imaginations, not friendship or esteem; and to be grounded upon entertainment rather than use, in the many offices of life: nor would it pass from any person besides your Ladyship, to say you lost a companion and friend at nine years old, though you lost one, indeed, who gave the fairest hopes that could be of being both in time, and every thing else that was estimable and good; but, yet, that itself God only knows, considering the changes of humour and disposition, which are as great as those of feature and shape, in the first sixteen years of our lives; considering the chances of time, the infection of company, the snares of the

the world, and the passions of youth; so that the most excellent and agreeable creature of that tender age, and that seemed born under the happiest stars, might, by the course of years and accidents, come to be the most miserable herself, and more trouble to her friends, by living long, than she could have been by dying young.

Yet, after all, Madam, could tears water the lovely plant, so as to make it grow again after once it is cut down; would sighs furnish new breath, or could it draw life and spirits from the wasting of your's, I am sure your friends would be so far from accusing your passion, that they would encourage it as much, and share it as deep, as they could. But, alas! the eternal laws of the creation extinguish all such hopes, forbid all such designs; Nature gives us many children and friends to take them away, but takes none away to give them us again: and this makes the excesses of grief to have been so universally condemned as a thing unnatural, because so much in vain; whereas Nature, they say, does nothing in vain; as a thing so unreasonable, because so contrary to our designs; for we all design to be well and at ease, and by grief we make ourselves ill of imaginary wounds, and raise ourselves troubles most properly out of the dust; whilst our ravings and complaints are but like arrows shot up into the air, at no mark, and so to no purpose, but only to fall back upon our heads, and destroy ourselves, instead of recovering or revenging our friends.

Perhaps, Madam, you will say, this is your design, or, if not, your desire; but I hope you are not yet so far gone, or so desperately bent: self-murder has ever been agreed upon as the greatest crime, and is punished here with the utmost shame, which is all that can be inflicted upon the dead. But, is the crime much less to kill ourselves by a slow poison than by a sudden wound? Now, if we do it, and know we do it, by a long and a continual grief, can we think ourselves innocent? What great difference is there if we break our hearts or consume them;

if

if we pierce them or bruise them, since all determines in the same death? The greatest crime is for a man to kill himself; is it a small one to wound himself by an anguish of heart, by grief or despair; to ruin his health, to shorten his age, to deprive himself of all the pleasures, or eases, or enjoyments of life?

Whilst I had any hopes your tears would ease you, or that your grief would consume itself by liberty and time, your Ladyship knows very well I never once accused it, nor ever increased it, like many others, by the common, formal ways of assuaging it; and this, I am sure, is the first office of this kind I ever went about to perform, otherways than in the most ordinary forms. I was in hope what was so violent could not be so long; but when I observed it to grow stronger with age, and increase, like a stream, the further it run; when I saw it draw out to such unhappy consequences, and threaten no less than your child, your health, and your life, I could no longer forbear this endeavour, nor end it, without begging of your Ladyship, for God's sake and for your own, for your children and for your friends, for your country's and your family's, that you will no longer abandon yourself to so disconsolate a passion, but that you would, at length, awaken your piety, give way to your prudence, cherish those veins of good-humour that are sometimes so natural to you, and sear up those of ill, that would make you so unnatural to your children and to yourself; but, above all, that you would enter upon the cares of your health and your life, for your friends' sake, at least, if not for your own. For my part, I know nothing could be to me so great an honour and satisfaction, as if your Ladyship would own me to have contributed towards this cure; but, however, none can, perhaps, more justly pretend to your pardon for the attempt; since there is none, I am sure, that has always had at heart a greater honour for your Ladyship's family, nor can have for your person more devotion and esteem, than, Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obedient
and most humble servant.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE

Related of a Great Personage when at Weymouth.

IN one of his excursions during the hay-harvest, going into a field where only one woman was at work, she was asked where the rest of her companions were? To which she answered——

"They are gone to see the King."

"And why did you not go with them?" returned his Majesty.

"I would not give a pin to see him," replied the woman: "besides, the fools that are gone to town will lose a day's work by it, and that is more than I can afford to do: I have five children to work for," &c.

"Well, then," said his Majesty, putting some money into her hand, "you may tell your companions who are gone to see the King, *that he came to see you.*"

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.

March 2. A NEW comedy, from the pen of Mr. Cumberland, was presented for the first time, under the title of "LOVERS' RESOLUTIONS," the characters being as follow:

Major Manford, Mr. Pope; Lord Burville, Mr. Wroughton; General Highmore, Mr. Palmer; Mr. Maplethorp, Mr. Dowton; Timothy Maplethorp, Mr. Suett; Jack Worthington, Mr. Bannister; David, Mr. Wathen.—Lady Caroline, Mrs. Pope; Miss Rivers, Mrs. Young; Mrs. Maplethorp, Mrs. Sparks.

The subject of the comedy is supposed to happen at the present time. The hero, in the year 1799, had fallen in love with Lady Caroline Highmore, daughter to the Earl of Burville.

Burville. Being a captain in his Majesty's service, he was ordered upon the expedition to Holland, and obliged to tear himself from the arms of his mistress. The old Earl was greatly averse to the match, on account of Captain Manford's poverty, and took advantage of his absence to force Lady Caroline to marry a wealthy Baronet. In the course of a few months a divorce took place. We are assured that this was not owing to the misconduct of the lady; but the author should have recollected that there is no more than one instance on record of a divorce being granted on a different ground. It was only her person, at any rate, which she could possibly have kept pure; for she still raged with love for Manford, and repeatedly attempted to correspond with him. The hero, having made the campaign in Holland with great renown, is sent home (perhaps with dispatches). The action begins on his arrival in London. Lord Burville, as the sole means to save his child from the grave, entreats him to marry her. He refuses the offer; and this resolution, we conjecture, gives the name to the play. It is transitory, of course; but why or wherefore does not appear. Her character is not cleared up; and the Major has apparently no motive for forgiving her at the end of the fifth act, which he had not at the beginning of the first. His delicate scruples might, perhaps, be done away by two or three visits which she paid him at his lodgings!---The next person in importance is a *protegé* of the hero's, Miss Fanny Rivers. She was the sister of a brother officer, who, in his last moments, consigned her to his care. With what propriety we shall not consider, he keeps her in the same house with him. However, he tells her that she has no hopes of becoming his wife. Her lovers are the two nephews of the landlord of the house, one of whom is a man-milliner, and the other a Kentish yeoman. The yeoman had acquired the friendship of the Major by lodging him during the embarkation at Deal; and, by his interest, he obtains the hand of the fair Fanny.

To

To this sketch, it will easily be seen, little could be added, unless we took a pleasure in finding fault and holding up to ridicule. The sentiments are always unexceptionable, and often highly laudable. A compliment was paid in the third act to the brave Abercromby, which was received with enthusiasm.

A character, with some pretensions to originality, is a duelling Lieutenant-General; but the features are not very well defined. Though the pathos is in general affectation, and the wit buffoonery, in one or two scenes the dialogue is sprightly and elegant. Mr. Pope did every thing possible in Major Manford, and Mrs. Pope in Caroline. The other parts were adequately sustained.

The first two acts were pretty well received; but, from the beginning of the third to the dropping of the curtain, the disapprobation of the audience became more and more unequivocal; and it was not till after repeated efforts that a hearing could be procured to give it out for Saturday. We find, however, that the author has withdrawn it.

COVENT GARDEN.

March 5. The Oratorios for the Lent season commenced, under the direction of Mr. Ashley; and, with the aid of Mrs. Billington, Miss Stevens, Miss Tyrer, Mr. Braham, and Mr. Denman, have brought crowded audiences.

EGYPTIANA.

In addition to what we enumerated in our last number, we have to mention spectrology as forming a part of the amusements at this theatre. It certainly is not so rational an entertainment as the other; but, being sanctioned by the voice of public approbation, it will be counted an important addition to that fund of amusement for which the Egyptiana experiences so liberal a patronage; especially when it is considered that this representation of supernatural agency is conducted in the most pleasing manner without the total extinction of light.

Cabinet

BRITISH MUSEUM
28
NOV
46

Wirgman, Dress Maker, Hanover Street, Hanover Square.

5 6

Payne, Milliner, Old Bond Street.

BRITISH LEGATION
28
48
NOV

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

WALKING DRESS.

1. A black chip hat, with black ostrich feathers and ribands; a scarlet kerseymere pelise, and bearskin tippet.

The hair, in general, short on the forehead, and parted.

FULL DRESSES.

2. A lace cap, with a gold band and wreath. A blue sarcenet dress, with lace ruff; and gold or diamond necklace.

3. A bonnet of black velvet and yellow satin, trimmed with black lace, a yellow and black feather. The dress white, with an outer robe of yellow muslin or sarcenet.

WALKING DRESS.

4. A hat of purple velvet, trimmed with purple feathers and ribands. A pelise of purple velvet, with a lace ruff.

FULL DRESSES.

5. A hat of black velvet, or the crown white satin, turned up with black velvet; on the front a gold embossed star, with ostrich feathers. The dress pink muslin, with an outer robe of white: the whole trimmed with gold.

6. A head-dress of white satin, with a wreath of white muslin in front; and blue and white short ostrich feathers, trimmed with gold cord and tassels. The dress white, with a border of lace on the sleeves. A robe of blue sarcenet, trimmed with a fringe of white feathers; and gold sliders on the breast and shoulders.

School of Arts.

NO. XL.

An excellent Receipt for Consumptive Persons.

THIRTY large snails; a quarter of a pound of arrow-root; two ounces of hartshorn shavings; four figs, slit; four sprigs of hyssop; boil them in a quart of water till it comes to a pint; then strain it off.——The dose is half a pint three times a day, with a teacup-full of new milk, a little warm:---if the stomach be weak, put only two ounces of India-root, and one ounce of hartshorn shavings.

If half a pint is too large a dose at a time, a quarter of a pint, or less, as the stomach will bear it; but, whatever the dose, add the teacup-full of milk.—It is so very nourishing to the stomach, that it will be victuals and drink: it recovered in a few weeks a person who had been given over by the faculty.

Receipts for the Bite of a Gnat.

I. Take a small quantity of Venice treacle and sweet oil, mixed together, and apply to the place, and in six hours you will find relief.

II. Take of leaves of green elder and rue equal quantities; bruise them in a mortar, and to every teacup-full of the juice add half the quantity of vinegar, and two drachms of common salt.

III. To a quarter of a pint of water, in a phial, put one scruple of corrosive sublimated mercury: with a bit of rag dipped in the mixture, rub the part affected half a minute, two or three times a-day, shaking the phial at the time of using it.

The

The Apollonian Wreath.

AN ADDRESS

From a Father to his Child, who had by her Behaviour broken his Heart.

A LITTLE longer, and these hollow eyes
  Will, with these haggard looks, reproach no more;---
A little longer, and these deep-drawn sighs,
  These bursts of agony, will all be o'er.

I little thought, when smiling in my arms,
  Marking each op'ning beauty of thy face;
Gazing with rapture on thy infant charms,
  Whilst Fancy pictur'd every rising grace;---

I little thought, that, like the op'ning rose,
  Which blooms so sweetly in gay Summer's morn,
That, as it grew, 'twould rob me of repose,
  And sting my bosom with its deadly thorn.

Oh! 'tis too much---life cannot long sustain
  (And, while I think, my brain with grief turns wild);
It cannot long support that tort'ring pain---
  That worst of evils---an ungrateful child!

Though now you treat me with unfeeling scorn,
Thy wretched father will his child forgive;
Remorse will come, when to the grave I'm borne,
And bitter anguish in thy bosom live.....

A time, my poor, misguided child, will come,
When my reproaches you no longer hear;
When I am carry'd to my last, long home,
Too late repentance will thy bosom tear.

Oh! had thy angel mother liv'd to know
The vice and mis'ry of her Emma's doom,
She could not have sustain'd the dreadful blow,
But sunk for refuge in the peaceful tomb.

Oh! God...upon my wretched child look down;
To Virtue's paths her erring steps restore;
May her repentance for her crimes atone...
Oh! grant this pray'r, when I shall be no more!

ORLANDO.

EXTEMPORE ON VIEWING THE SOURCE OF THE THAMES.

OH! mighty Thames!...how small the source
From whence thy waters flow,
That crown Britannia's isle with wealth,
And make the nations bow.

Behold that river, England's boast,
By which her fame expands
O'er many a sea, o'er many a coast,
O'er many distant lands.

And may we sing thy praises long,
With hearts of joy and mirth;
And may'st thou make a theme for song
On ev'ry lab'rer's hearth.

S. W.

NANCY:

NANCY: A SONG.

[From Bloomfield's "Rural Tales," &c. just published.]

YOU ask me, dear Nancy, what makes me presume
That you cherish a secret affection for me?
When we see the flow'rs bud, don't we look for the bloom?
Then, sweetest, attend, while I answer to thee.

When we young men with pastimes the twilight beguile,
I watch your plump cheek till it dimples with joy;
And observe, that whatever occasions the smile,
You give me a glance; but provokingly coy.

Last month, when wild strawberries pluckt in the grove,
Like beads on the tall seeded grass you had strung;
You gave me the choicest---I hop'd 'twas for love;---
And I told you my hopes while the nightingale sung.

Remember the viper:---'twas close at your feet;
How you started, and threw yourself into my arms;
Not a strawberry there was so ripe nor so sweet
As the lips which I kiss'd to subdue your alarms.

As I pull'd down the cluster of nuts for my fair,
What a blow I receiv'd from a strong bending bough!
Though Lucy and other gay lasses were there,
Not one of them shew'd such compassion as you.

And was it compassion?---by heav'n, 'twas more!
That telltale betrays you;---that blush on your cheek.
Then come, dearest maid, all your trifling give o'er,
And whisper what Candour will teach you to speak.

Can you stain my fair honour with one broken vow?
Can you say that I've ever occasion'd a pain?
On Truth's honest base let your tenderness grow:
I swear to be faithful again and again.

WINTER SONG.

[From the same.]

DEAR boy, throw that icicle down,
And sweep this deep snow from the door:
Old Winter comes on with a frown---
A terrible frown for the poor.
In a season so rude and forlorn,
How can age, how can infancy, bear
The silent neglect and the scorn
Of those who have plenty to spare?

Fresh broach'd is my cask of old ale,
Well-tim'd now the frost is set in;
Here's Job come to tell us a tale---
We'll make him at home to a pin.
While my wife and I bask o'er the fire,
The roll of the seasons will prove,
That time may diminish desire,
But cannot extinguish true love.

O, the pleasures of neighbourly chat,
If you can but keep scandal away,
To learn what the world has been at,
And what the great orators say!
Though the wind through the crevices sing,
And hail down the chimney rebound,
I'm happier than many a king,
While the bellows blows bass to the sound.

Abundance was never my lot;
But out of the trifle that's giv'n,
That no curse may alight on my cot,
I'll distribute the bounty of Heav'n:
The fool and the slave gather wealth,
But if I add nought to my store,
Yet while I keep Conscience in health,
I've a mine that will never grow poor.

THE

THE DREAM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HÖLTY.

I DREAM'D I was a linnet gay
By Fanny's care caress'd;
And playful pluck'd the knot away
That grac'd her lovely breast;

And flutter'd, fearless of a check,
Upon her lily hand;
Then hopp'd again upon her neck,
And peck'd the rosy band:

While sporting with her flaxen hair,
I sung each warbling strain;
And, when fatigu'd with pleasure there,
Flew to her breast again.

No bed so sweet, with roses crown'd,
That blush'd in Eden's vale;
Nor vi'let's bloom, diffus'd around,
That scents the morning gale.

Nought with her voice could be compar'd,
That warbled o'er her tongue;
'Twas sweet as ever mortals heard,
Or angels ever sung.

Each tender feeling doubly warm'd
With ev'ry kind caress;
Such bliss, that all my senses charm'd,
No tongue can e'er express.

Fresh comforts for my love to bring,
And pleasures more to seek,
I flapp'd, by turns, each lengthen'd wing,
To fan her glowing cheek.

But, ah! how short is Pleasure's day—
How soon each comfort flees!—
The blissful vision pass'd away,
Like clouds before the breeze.

T. G.

THE

THE BEST GIRL IN THE NATION.

NEAR the church, by the stream, in a very old town,
Renown'd for its corn cultivation,
Where the natives are rude, and ill-bred as the clown,
Save one virgin therein, search up hill and down,
Will be found the Best Fair in the Nation.

Not seventeen years of her age can I trace,
Except in her mind's cultivation;
For her innate perfection charms more than her face,---
There Virtue and Purity's aided by grace
In this lovely Best Girl in the Nation.

Nature's crown'd this fair maid with her very best gift,
All mildness without affectation;
And, as good comes so slow, and sorrow so swift,
What man would not, grateful, his hands high uplift,
To possess this Best Fair in the Nation?

Some time must elapse ere again I depart,
With love, and with high expectation,
To ask the fair virgin possessing my heart,
If she'll suffer me, low and dejected, to part,
Without the Best Girl in the Nation?

AMATOR.

A POETIC EPISTLE,

Addressed to the Editor of the MUSEUM, occasioned by his having inserted the OLD WOMAN'S satirical Remarks upon the Ladies of the present Age.

WHY sure, Mr. Editor, you must take pains
To convince half the world you're deficient in brains;
For the man who conducteth a work for the ladies,
Ought, doubtless, to know that to flatter his trade is:
And, instead of inserting that Old Woman's* spite,
About spectres that walk in a mere veil of white,

* See the Old Woman's remarks in her forty-second Number, page the seventh.

You

You ought to admire the taste of these days,
Which, instead of *concealing*, now fully displays
The charms of dame Nature in various ways.
For who a rich gem in a cask would conceal?
But, proud of its value, all love to reveal....
Then, if a fair maid has a bosom of snow,
Pray, who can condemn her for making a *show?*
Or if the mere blades* of her shoulders are white,
I think the exposure a delicate sight:
And as to the figure, that's form'd by some Grace...
Ye gods! I admire it...much more than a face.
Oh! how I delight in that drapery thin,
That sheweth each muscle that moveth within;
That gossamer dress, which so nicely conceals,
Yet still fires the bosom by what it reveals;
Those cobweb inclosures delighteth my mind;
And yet that *Old* Woman would have us all blind!
Ye ladies of Bath, and ye belles of this town,
Assist me to pull this vile Old Woman down;
Assist me to tell her the motive is plain,
And the men all discover the cause of her strain.
Her beauty is past...and the showing of shapes
Resembles the tale of the fox and the grapes:
Yet it is not against the mere dress she must write;
For the mind becomes sharer in bodily spite;...
And even the nurse-maids come in for a rail,
Because the poor baby is told a fine tale;
And taught to believe a young lady†, so fine,
Can never be mortal...but something divine.
Again, she attacketh the heads of all schools;
One half she thinks rogues, and the other half fools:
For though *rogue* is not mention'd, 'tis perfectly plain
That such are the thoughts that arise in her brain.
But, oh! would those ladies, that *I so revere*,
Descend from the region of learning's bright sphere,
And aid me in trouncing this shocking old dame,
Who vilely attempteth to tarnish their fame;
And who trieth to prove, that accomplishments tend
To injure the mind...though 'tis plain they must *mend*;
For music and French, united, combine
To make a young lady effulgently shine;...

* Alluding to the present fashion of cutting the ladies' gowns so very low behind.

† See the Old Woman's observations upon the injudicious conduct of nurse-maids and governeses, page the fourth.

And

And even the daughters of persons in trade
No longer feel humble, or even afraid,
To mix in the circles of Rank and of State,
For Diffidence long has been quite out of date;
All *mauvaise honte* now is laid snugly aside,
And freedom's the word...or the fine lady's guide.
A mere farmer's daughter is taught to despise
The old-fashion'd notions of puddings and pies;
And I scarcely believe there is one to be found,
Who knows that a pudding ought to be round.
Can fingers that lightly skim over the keys
Descend to degrading employments like these?...
Ah!...no, my good Sir...and, as to the mind
That is tutor'd in schools, it becomes so refin'd,
That the mere vulgar name of domestic affairs
Is enough to confine a young lady up stairs....
Again, the Old Woman begins an attack
Upon *boots* *, and declares that the girls look like *Jacks*,
Or *Roberts*, or *Richards*, or any man's name,
That attaches to ladies some portion of shame....
In short, she's a compound of malice and spite;
And so is the author of "Noon-day and White†;"
For the present appearance of females, to me,
Is enough to inspire a dull hermit with glee....
With glee, did I say?...I mean with affection;
For a hermit can feel, though he shrinks at detection:
And what I admire, I can never refuse
To support by the aid of my head and my muse.

LINES

To a young Lady, on being some Time estranged from her.

WHILST Time its weary course rolls on,
When num'rous passing years are gone,
Say, Laura, wilt thou think of me,
Reflect on him who dotes on thee?

* See page the seventh.

† A sentence used by the author of a Satirical Poem upon the shadow-like appearance of the ladies at Bath.

Wilt thou once heave a tender sigh,
Or start a tear from either eye,
To muse on hours we both have past,
That gaily flew---alas!---too fast?

No trace they now have left behind,
Save anguish, in my tortur'd mind;
No mark of all my joy remains---
For joys, alas! are turn'd to pains.

Oh! how it chills my shudd'ring breast,
What rankling thoughts my soul infest,
When Fear suggests the Fate's decree,
That Laura was not born for me!

Come, mild-ey'd Hope---bring all thy train,
Midst whom the sportive pleasures reign;---
Accursed Fear, and cank'ring Spleen,
With thee, bright maid! are never seen.

Oh!---kindly lend thy cheering aid,
Nor let a glimpse of pleasure fade;---
A single glimpse, that darts a ray
On mine and Laura's wedding-day!

J. P. H.

Crown-office Row, Temple.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADE

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Land-grave.

NEW CHARADE.

By a Gentleman, addressed to his Wife, to whom he had been Guardian.

DEAR are the joys my First displays,
When in my natal seat;
Yet 'tis thy presence which conveys
The joy, and makes it sweet.

And

And may it long, Eliza, prove
The dearest bliss of life;
The soft abode of genuine love,
To thee, my valu'd wife!

Not distant or remote the date
When you my Second were;
Before you had consign'd your fate
Into a husband's care.

And when returning from afar
Towards my Whole's lov'd goal,
I feel it like the polar star,
That seems to guide my soul.

Correspondence, &c.

OUR Poetical Correspondents *are too numerous to be individually answered. Such as are entitled to insertion will soon see marks of our attention.*

Amicus *certainly alludes to some other Publication. The Article that he mentions never did nor ever would find admittance into our Work.*

W. B. *honours us very much, and cannot add to his favours more highly than by forwarding the Article that he mentions.*

Why does Laura *complain of our inattention? Can she think of no other cause for the non-insertion of her Poem?*

A Governess of an Establishment in Kent *has our best thanks for her friendly and obliging Letter. We hope always to retain the good opinion of Ladies of her way of thinking on the subject of Female Amusements.*

The Essay of Horatio *is much too long; and that of* A. M. *too dull for admission.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
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Queen Charlotte.

Pub. May 1.1802. by Vernor & Hood, Poultry.